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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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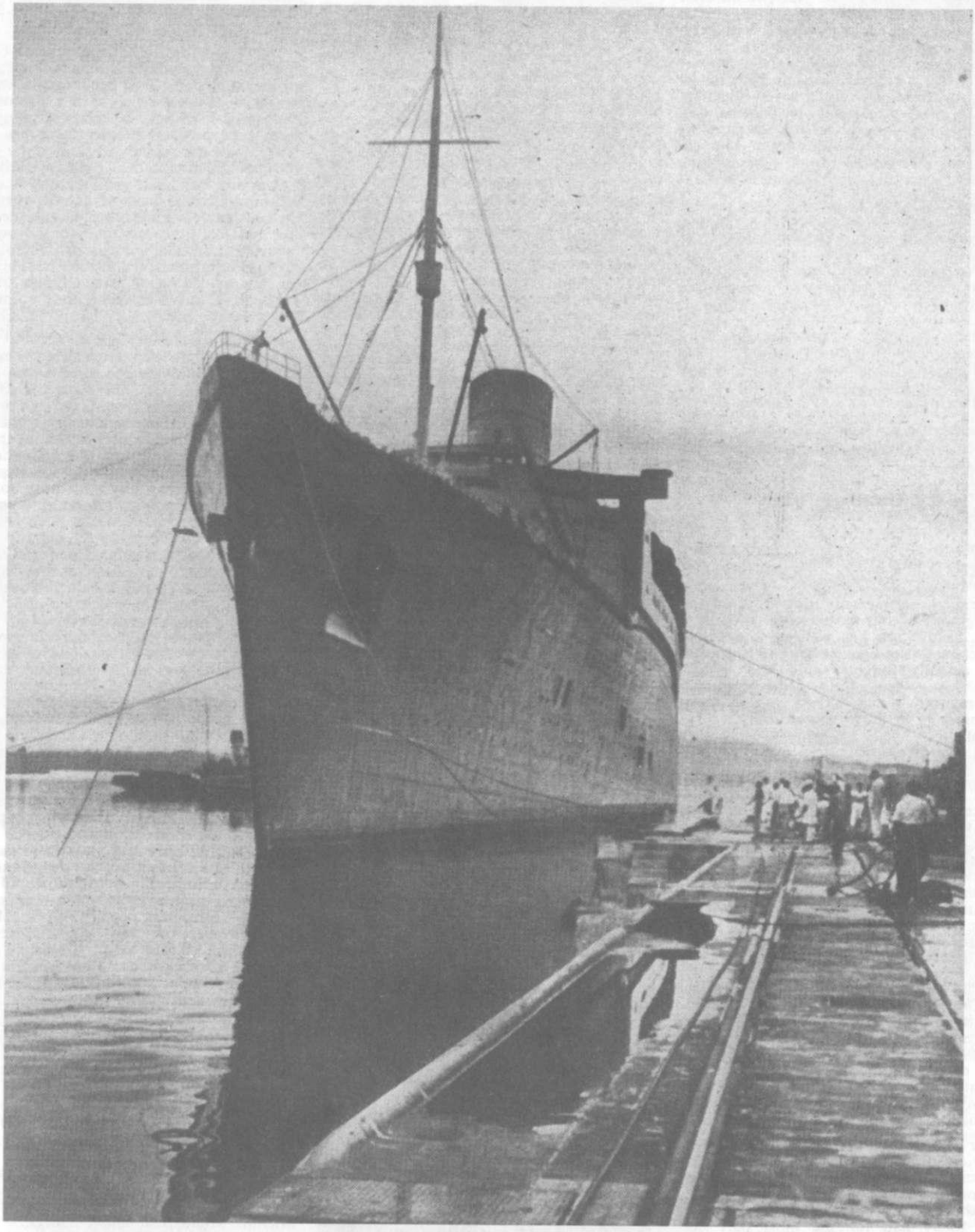

QUEEN ELIZABETH, mammoth Cunard White Star liner, is here seen entering the dock at Singapore for repairs and overhaul. Since the news was published of her arrival in New York on March 7, 1940, after her secret maiden voyage from Clydebank, little has been heard of this great vessel, which has since been used as a transport, possibly conveying some of the many thousands of reinforcements sent to Malaya. Her great length of over 1,000 feet is difficult to visualize owing to foreshortening. *Photo, Planet News*

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# BUT FOR BRITAIN! . . . THE TWO AMERICAS?

## BY THE EDITOR

Not enough attention is being drawn to the role which the Latin republics may yet have to play in Hitler's War. But for Britain the grip of the Nazi would even now have been tightening upon their throat —unless the Northern continent had been plunged into chaos by the arrival of clouds of bombers over its sky-scrapers and populous cities! We know that a single imaginative broadcast by Orson Welles, most brilliant of America's radio, stage and film personalities, created a panic throughout the States in the autumn of 1938, a few weeks after Munich. A panic of hysteria far greater than anything seen here when the air blitz was actually at its height over Britain!

But for Britain having the courage and resource to stand up to Germany on the sea and in the air with nothing more substantial than American promises of help, which even now are far from having been fulfilled, the Hun would have had his chance to panic the U.S.A. into a state of mind very different from that which now obtains throughout all America, despite the Lindberghites and Isolationists. "But for Britain" I have said, and let the historian of a future day underline and emphasize that phrase.

This War is as much a war for the true democracies of North and South America as for the survival of the British peoples. And the United States should have been in it long ere this—would have been were not President Roosevelt compelled to move with caution while shepherding his vast and heterogeneous mass of free citizens to that point of realism at which Hitler has now helped them to arrive.

The eternal shame of France will be that for eighteen of the most critical months in world history she has watched the Britain she deserted, and against whom her soldiers have actually fought, suffer and struggle alone to save those ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity which were so long her own guiding stars, and the very names of which the infamous Vichy government has obliterated, just as the German overlords have done, from the public buildings in France.

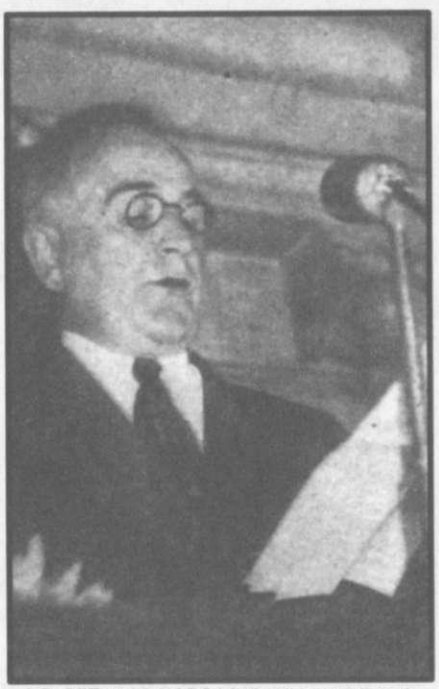
But for Britain there would be no more France. In that happy, but maybe far-off day, when General de Gaulle and those brave, determined French who have followed him, either in person or in spirit, stand erect in a France redeemed, somehow the name of this island fortress of their freedom should be honoured for ever, boldly linked with that of the land which British heroism will surely save from the fate the Hun has in mind for it: "moitié potager, moitié bordel."

Reverting to the opening sentence of this article, however, I wish to glance briefly at that once far, but now, thanks to aerial progress, easily accessible continent where in happier times I travelled and sojourned in most of its ten republics from Panama to Argentina. For in the grandiose Nazi plans for world domination the South American continent has naturally a large place.

The conquest of South America is no new ambition of Nazi Germany: it constantly preoccupied the minds of the German expansionists in the days of Kaiser William II, and the numerous Fifth Columns existing there today had for the most part been founded in his time. Brazil on the east and Chile on the west were the main centres of German penetration. The Chilean army was trained by German officers, accoutred like the Hun from pickelhaube to boot and spur. Early in the century flourishing German communities in the two republics named looked not to the national governments under which they lived and thrived but to Berlin. Brazil in its southern regions had such towns as Porto Alegre, capital city of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, and the important seaport bearing the same name as the State, largely, almost exclusively, controlled by German colonists, and throughout the whole republic the Hun was busy digging himself in.

Chile was in similar case. Valdivia, in the south, with a population of some 20,000 in those days, had a town council so German in its membership that its Alcalde, or Mayor, had the brazen nerve publicly to cable the Kaiser on his fiftieth birthday (1909) that he had a colony of "loyal Germans" amounting to so many thousands in that part of the world! Valdivia was indeed a German city not only in its population but in its material appearance, as most of its houses and business premises had been constructed sectionally in Germany and shipped out to be re-assembled (as they do with their U-boats) on Chilean soil. And very charming they looked: no South American town of its size was more attractive. Talcahuano, Concepción (near where our disastrous Battle of Coronel, Nov. 1, 1914, was fought), and dozens of other coast-wise towns of Chile swarmed with Germans, many of whom did great service as spies on the British naval movements in 1914-18.

Germans in the Argentine, though numerous and powerful in the commercial and political world, did not overwhelm the other non-Latin races, though they had important daily newspapers and magazines—"Caras y Caretas," most popular of all Buenos Aires weeklies, was the product of expert German technicians—and their fingers were in every pie and plot. The same obtained in varying degree throughout all the ten republics, large and small: Paraguay had even a German president. And that was thirty years ago. Had the Huns of 1914 won their war all these South American "cells" would have speedily become focal points of revolution if the German Fleet had been able to command South American waters instead of scuttling itself at Scapa.



**DR. GETULIO VARGAS, President of Brazil, who, after paying tribute to the rising star of Fascism in June 1940, now utters stern warnings against "aggression, from whatever source."** *Photo, Associated Press*

Under the direction of the more ambitious and infinitely abler Hitler, the Kaiser's groundwork must have been vastly extended in recent years. The prolific Teuton has multiplied his kind and Nazi teaching and intrigue have influenced great numbers of the Latin Americans, so that in the large cities, such as Buenos Aires, Rosario, Santiago, Valparaiso, the native population has been split into factions that could seriously impede the full national expression of resistance to a Nazi attack: Nazi-inspired riots have been reported in recent months in a number of important centres of the southern republics—the late president of Panama had to quit because of his avowed Fascist principles. There have been riots even in Havana engineered by the locally active Hitlerites.

All this despite the adherence of the governments of both South and Central America—Mexico here proving the most encouraging example of anti-Nazi feeling—to the declaration against foreign aggression at the Pan-American Conference at Havana, at the end of July 1940, and their determination to cooperate with the United States and Canada in resisting any and every form of European interference with the independence of the existing republican states.

There are two important declarations on which the international policy of "The Two Americas" is based: the Monroe doctrine and the Drago doctrine. The former is the better known: formulated in 1823 by U.S. President Monroe, it may be stated briefly as affirming that any attempt by any power outside the American continents to colonize any part of Central and South America would be regarded as a menace to the peace of North America. The Drago doctrine is in a sense a pendant to the Monroe. Its author was a famous Argentine statesman and jurist (with whom the writer had an interview in Buenos Aires a few years before his death in 1921). Drago in 1902 had persuaded the Argentine government to secure general agreement to the declaration that the independence of the Spanish-American nationalities must be recognized and that no power should be allowed to impose itself by force of arms upon any of them. In other words, what goes for European powers in the Monroe doctrine goes for the United States and Canada also. The South American republics had scant regard for "Yanquis" in those days and did not accept America's Monroe doctrine without certain reservations: hence the Drago declaration.

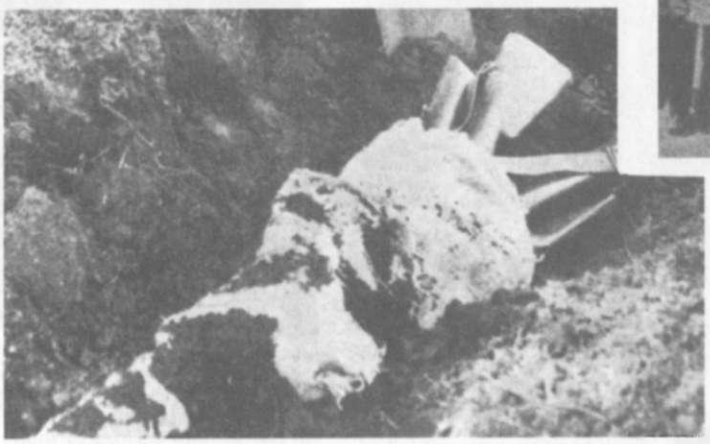
Such, then, is a very fragmentary sketch of the situation in Latin America, but it indicates what an enticing field of Nazi activities exists in that vast continent of 7,000,000 square miles, with its enormous, natural resources and a population of some hundred million. What a continent to dive-bomb into submission to the Nazi yoke! In the fevered dreams of Hitler that might not appear too much to attempt. But for Britain, Russia and America barring the way the attempt would assuredly be made. Meanwhile, the Nazis of South America are likely to prove more a nuisance value for Hitler than potential key pieces in the assembling of his jig-saw puzzle of the new World Order!

*J. A. Hammerton*

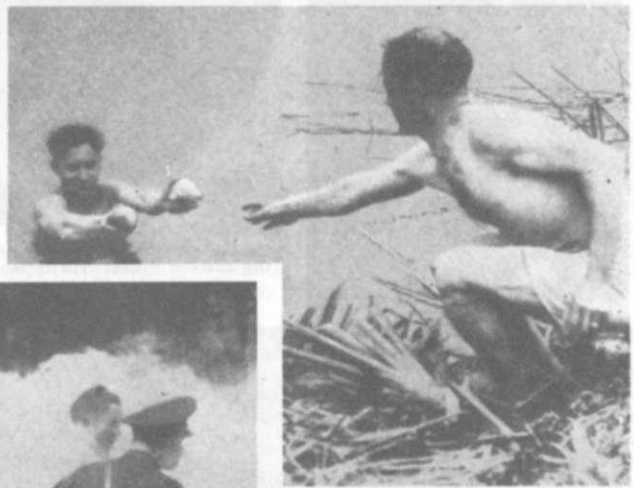
# The Swastika Makes Trouble South of Panama

BRAZIL, revising its opinions, is now coming down heavily upon Nazi activities in the country. Police officers are seen removing evidence of anti-democratic activities from a Nazi headquarters.

CHILEAN NAZIS meet in Santiago. There is a Chilean flag in the foreground and a Chilean officer well in the rear; otherwise the meeting might have been staged anywhere in Germany.



IN ARGENTINA, at Apostoles, these rifles were discovered buried in the garden of a German resident. Nazi banners were also found in the house. Evidence of Nazi intrigues have been revealed throughout Argentina.



MONTEVIDEO firemen are retrieving some of the hundred grenades thrown into the Las Brujas River by Nazi agents after their secret organization had been discovered by the authorities.

Street-fighting in Buenos Aires between students of pro- and anti- Nazi sympathies shows how the Argentine is split by faction hatreds. A policeman is arresting a student (left) who has thrown a smoke bomb.

*Photos, Keystone, "New York Times Magazine," Associated Press, Wide World, Fox*

# Captains of Germany's Mighty War Machine

**Field-Marshal VON BOCK, in command of the German armies on the Russian central front, led a German army in the Battle of France.**

**Field-Marshal VON RUNDSTEDT, extreme right, is seen introducing young staff officers to Hitler. Von Rundstedt, like Von Leeb, came back from retirement at the beginning of the war and now leads the German armies in the Ukraine.**

**Field-Marshal VON KLUGE, who commanded an army in Flanders in 1940, is now leading an army in the central sector of the Russian front.**

**Field-Marshal RITTER VON LEEB, whose armies are attempting the capture of Leningrad, was a major on the German Staff in 1918.**

**General STRAUSS, another of the successful tank generals working on the Eastern Front. He is seen in conference at his headquarters discussing his plan of operations to encircle the opposing Russian forces**

**Field-Marshal Wilhelm LIST, Germany's blitzkrieg expert, commands an army group in the Balkans which faces Turkey in ominous fashion.**

**General HOTH, Guderian's right-hand man, is an ex-infantry general who has had great success with the German panzer divisions.**

**General Heinz GUDERIAN, Polish-born Inspector of the Nazi tank divisions, based most of his strategy on the theories of General de Gaulle.**

**LUFTWAFFE LEADERS are Field-Marshal Karl KESSELRING (left), commanding a German air fleet in Russia, and (above) Field-Marshal Otto SPERRLE, commanding the German air force in Western Europe.**

*Photos, E.N.A., Planet News, Wide World, Associated Press, International Graphic Press, Keystone*

# Maybe We Can Learn From Hitler's Army

In this article our Contributing Editor, E. Royston Pike, writes of the German Army as it has been described by two American correspondents until recently in Berlin—William L. Shirer of Columbia Broadcasting System and Joseph C. Harsch of the "Christian Science Monitor."

BRUTES and scoundrels as many of the Nazi soldiers are, they are, it must be admitted—well, soldiers, and first-rate soldiers at that. Never since Napoleon's day has there been such a succession of victories. In little more than two years a score of armies has been destroyed by Hitler's war machine; great states have been smashed into ruin, whole peoples enslaved, by the men whom we used to laugh at in days gone by because of their strutting goose-step. The German war machine has rolled on inexorably—relentlessly. It has not been stopped. Not yet.

The Kaiser's army was renowned in its day; it used to be said that the army which swept across France to the Marne in the brilliant autumn sunshine of 1914 was the finest that had ever taken the field. But Hitler's (so it would seem) is better than the Kaiser's. "A well-oiled machine of destruction," the American journalist, William L. Shirer, describes it in his "Berlin Diary,"* a book from which I am about to quote extensively. "A magnificent machine," he calls it on another page; "a gigantic, impersonal war machine, run as coolly and efficiently as our automobile industry in Detroit." So efficient that you have to see it in action to believe it.

Shirer asserts that, compared with the German command of the air, "the Allies have no eyes." He describes the Germans bringing up men, guns and supplies, unhindered, on a vast scale. In France motor transport was used exclusively. Stretching across the plain, driving along at 40 or 50 miles an hour, sped unending mechanized columns. "You wonder how they are kept fed with petrol and oil, but they are. Petrol supplies come forward with everything else. Every driver knows where he can tank up when he runs short." Absolutely no excitement, no tension. An officer directing artillery stopped for half an hour to explain what he was up to, while General von Reichenau halted for an hour to explain to the visiting journalists his particular job. "A few miles down the road two million men are trying to slaughter one another. He bosses almost a million of them. The General smiles and jauntily says good-bye." This is the Reichenau who led the German van into Poland. He was the first to cross the Vistula River. He swam it, says Shirer. Now he is in Russia driving through the Ukraine and the Donbass.

## Generals in the Van

From Shirer's description of last year's campaign in France one gets an impression of speed—almost effortless, mechanical in its perfection, compared with which the French effort was almost pitifully ineffective. Particularly striking was the comparison between the opposing generals. The French generals were "civilized, intellectual, frail, ailing old men, who stopped thinking new thoughts 20 years ago, and have taken no physical exercise for the last 10 years." The German generals, on the other hand, were all young; one of them was not yet 40, most of them were in the forties, and only a few at the very top were in their fifties. And they had all the characteristics of youth—dash and daring, imagination, initiative, and physical prowess. They actually led their troops in the front line; all the big German tank attacks were led in person by the commanding generals. "They did not sit in the safety of a dug-out, 10 miles behind the lines, directing by radio. They sat in their tanks, in the thick of the fray, and directed by radio and signalling from where they could see how the battle was going."

Quite as important as the quality of the Nazi generals is the "fantastically good morale" of the German Army as a whole. Here Shirer's evidence is supported by the testimony of another American correspondent in Berlin, Joseph C. Harsch, who in his recent work "Pattern of Conquest" has much to say of the German Army. He tells us that there is "a new vitality and ingenuity in leadership, from the High Command down to the lowest non-commissioned leader of a platoon, which has never been approached in modern times." There is only one criterion for promotion and command in Hitler's army, and that is not birth, not personal relationships, not even standing in the Nazi party, but—ability. During constant exercise and large-scale manoeuvres the Germans in peacetime sought ability and rejected incompetence. Men were swiftly promoted to officer's rank, and officers who failed in the field were as swiftly demoted; the same principle is employed today under conditions of actual war.

In another passage Harsch remarks on the freedom of the German officer from administrative work; unlike his British opposite number, he spends little time in the orderly room, but is almost constantly with his men. His primary task is to be familiar with them, to win their respect and loyalty, and to practise with them the art of war.

**VON REICHENAU, one of Hitler's General-Field-Marshals, is here seen studying the map on the Eastern front. Habitually monocled, he has the reputation of being a good Nazi party man as well as a brilliant general.** *Photo, Keystone*

In the Kaiser's army lieutenants and captains used to deal with their men through the sergeants. In Hitler's army the lower officers know everything of a personal nature about their men. They have received instructions that they must be their men's confidants and friends. There is a new *esprit de corps*, based on an honest camaraderie between officers and men. "The old Prussian goose-step, heel clicking, the *Jawohl* of the private when answering an officer, are still there (to quote Shirer again), but the great gulf between officers and men has gone in this war. They feel like the members of one great family. Even the salute has a new meaning. German privates salute each other, thus making the gesture more of a comradely greeting than a mere recognition of superior rank. In cafés, restaurants, dining-cars, officers and men off duty sit at the same table and converse as man to man." In the field, officers and men usually eat from the same soup kitchen, and in Paris "I recall a colonel who was treating a dozen privates to an excellent lunch in a little Basque restaurant off the Avenue de l'Opéra. When lunch was over he drew, with all the care of a loving father, a plan for them to visit the sights of Paris. The respect of these ordinary soldiers for their colonel would be hard to exaggerate. Yet it was not for his rank, but for the man."

## For the Soldier the Best

One reason for the excellent morale of the German troops is their realization that they are receiving the very best treatment that the nation can offer; their food and clothing are far better than those of the civilians. Their barracks are heated, when the people at home often go cold. The Nazi soldiers may have oranges and coffee and fresh vegetables—things unobtainable on the home front. At Christmas the food parcels are sent home from the front and not the other way round. Hitler, Shirer reminds us, once said that as a private of the last war he would see that the men of his new army benefited by the lessons he had learned. That is almost the only promise he has ever kept.

Knowing these things, it is perhaps a little easier for us to understand the extraordinary triumphs won by the German arms of recent months. Perhaps from the German experiences we may ourselves learn some lessons not without value in the winning of ultimate victory. For no army is invincible; and one day, so we confidently believe and prepare for, Hitler's army will have its "black day," just as did Hindenburg-Ludendorff's in 1918. "It will be beaten," says Mr. Harsch, "not by masses of infantry bogged down in trenches, but by relatively few men operating large numbers of tanks and airplanes, produced by some industrial organism larger, more productive and more sheltered than Germany's. And the force which defeats it must also possess another essential of the German military machine. It must be backed, as is Germany's, by a government which can exact sacrifices from the civilian mass behind the army beyond anything America has ever faced." And not only America. We in Britain, too, may find in that paragraph the way to win.

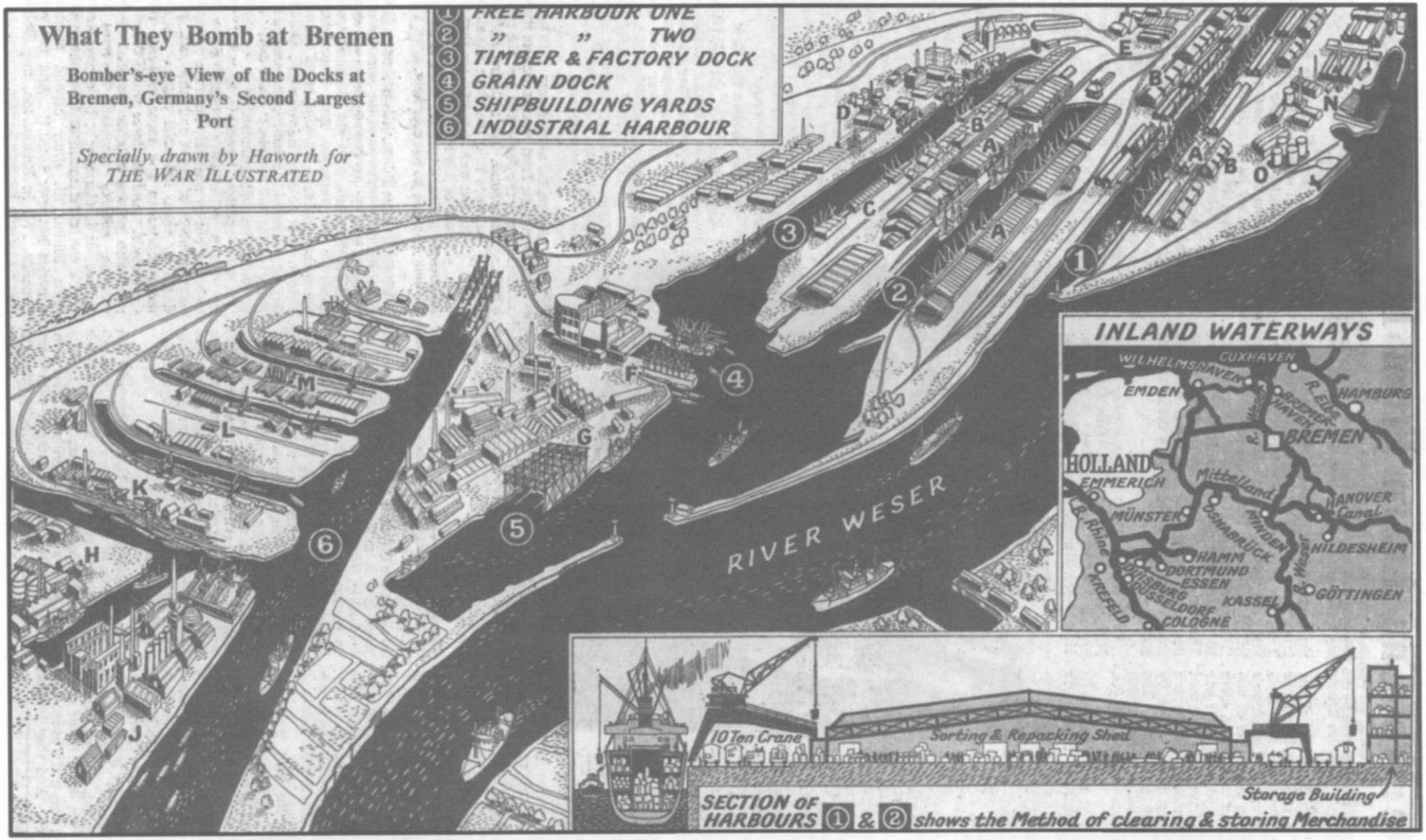
* "Berlin Diary: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent, 1934-1941." Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.

# What They Bomb at Bremen

## Bomber's-eye View of the Docks at Bremen, Germany's Second Largest Port

*Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED*

1. FREE HARBOUR ONE
2. " " TWO
3. TIMBER & FACTORY DOCK
4. GRAIN DOCK
5. SHIPBUILDING YARDS
6. INDUSTRIAL HARBOUR




**BREMEN, great German port on the River Weser, stands next in importance to Hamburg with regard to the amount of shipping it handles. The port is well equipped and laid out, and this bird's-eye view of the docks shows some of the reasons why Bremen is a frequent and important target of R.A.F. bombers.**

***The Basins of Free Harbours One and Two*** are provided with four sets of railway lines and a vast number of cranes lifting between five and ten tons, behind which are the huge sorting and repacking sheds (A). From these sheds goods are either moved by rail or road or stored in warehouses (B). Alternatively cargo can be loaded directly into barges for river and canal transportation.

***The Timber and Factory Dock*** is the main centre of import and storage of Baltic timber (C). Here also are oil factories (D) and jute mills (E).

***In the Grain Dock*** the plant, the largest of its kind in Europe, has a capacity of 75,000 tons. At the two piers (F) the cargoes of four large ships can be dealt with simultaneously by automatic elevators with a capacity of 600 tons per hour.

***The Shipbuilding Yards*** lie farther down the river (G). Bremen, although 46 miles from the sea, is accessible to vessels with a draught of 25 ft. Larger vessels lighten or discharge at Bremerhaven.

***The Industrial Harbour*** is closed by a lock 564 ft. long and 82 ft. wide, with a maximum depth of 28 ft. Here is situated one of Germany's largest oil refineries (H), which deals with crude petroleum from the oil-fields in the neighbourhood of Bremen and around the River Aller. Here, too, are situated blast furnaces (J); coal transhipment plant (K), by which 16 wagons an hour can be lifted and discharged into ships; potash plant (L), and timber storage (M). At (N) is the Atlas Werke A.G. (shipbuilding auxiliary industry), and (O) is a mineral oil refinery.

***COMMUNICATIONS. By rail:*** to Berlin, 9 hours. To Hamm, important junction for the industrial Ruhr, 6 hours.

***By autobahnen*** (motor highway): to Central and Southern Germany.

***By waterways:*** The small map shows the network of canals and rivers connecting Bremen with most parts of Germany, including the Ruhr, and, via the Mittelland Kanal, Berlin and the Baltic port of Stettin. Along these lanes fleets of barges move cargoes vital for Germany's war effort. Any dislocation at Bremen may have important repercussions elsewhere.

# Just What Damage Have We Done to Germany?

To those who are hoping that widespread and sustained bombing will bring Germany to her knees, a recently-issued report by the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Economic Warfare will prove disappointing reading. Damage is being done; but the evidence provided by this report, at least, falls far short of what might have been anticipated from a number of ministerial pronouncements made earlier in the year.

BOMBS on Germany! "Our raids (upon German harbours and cities) have already exceeded in severity anything which any single town has in a single night experienced over here." That is a passage taken from a speech by Mr. Churchill on April 10. Three months later, on July 15, the Prime Minister declared that "in the last few weeks alone we have thrown upon Germany about half the tonnage of bombs thrown by the Germans upon our cities during the whole course of the war." A few days before, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Aircraft Production, had assured the House of Commons that it would not be many months before the recent enemy raids on London would be "mere child's play" compared with the raids we should be making on Berlin. Then on September 3, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, expressed the view that many Germans must be wondering how many other towns like Munster would by the Germans themselves be called unhappy, or be devastated like Aachen.

Loading-up a Handley Page Halifax heavy bomber. With its four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines and strong armament the Halifax is one of the most formidable types of heavy bomber in existence.

With these words in mind, let us study the statement concerning the progress of Bomber Command's intensified air offensive against Berlin and other German cities, issued by the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Economic Warfare on October 22.

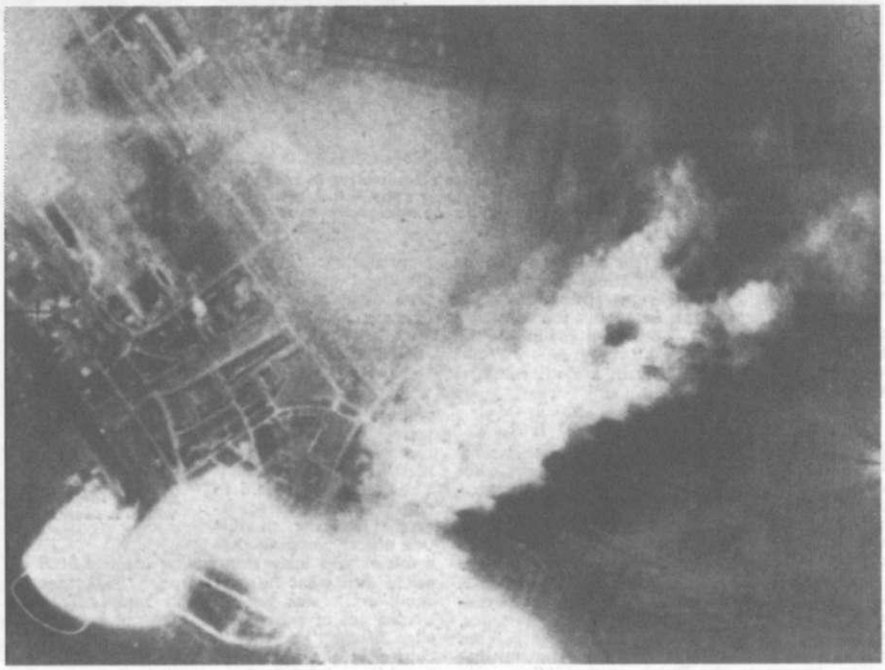
**Berlin** is the first town mentioned. Recent attacks, the heaviest being that of September 7-8, have not been comparable in weight with the Luftwaffe's persistent raids on the London area in the autumn and winter of 1940, so it is not possible to compare the damage done. Berlin, it is declared, plays a greater part in the German industrial war effort than does London in Britain's—a statement which is the exact opposite of one which was frequently made when the public and press together were demanding "Bombs on Berlin!" One of the engineering works hit in the past month was the Knorrbrense A.G. plant, which produces almost all the brakes used on German and European railways; considerable destruction was caused in railway repair shops at the Schlesischer station, and railway installations at and near Potsdamer and Anhalter stations (not unlike King's Cross and St. Pancras) were damaged. The tunnel between the two stations was hit, causing many casualties, and a number of houses in the area were also damaged. Many postal vehicles near Potsdamer Station were destroyed; tracks serving the central meat market were hit, and the Eden and Adlon luxury hotels were hit on the same night.

Next on the list is **Bremen.** Already severe damage had been inflicted on the port and various aircraft plants; now a number of aircraft under construction were hit, and heavy casualties caused among the factory personnel; the completion of submarines was retarded, and launchings at the Deutsche Werfte yard were behind schedule. At **Kassel** good results were achieved on the night of September 8-9, since the main station was hit, and the roof of the main booking hall collapsed. But the most extensive piece of destruction was the burning down of the famous Palais—home of the old Electors—and of the Friedrichs Museum.

Next we come to **Cologne**—a city, we are told, that can take a lot of punishment. But under persistent attacks, and with the use of increasing numbers of the heaviest bombs, the city centre is beginning to present an appearance comparable with that of some of the heavily raided English towns. A steadily growing strip on the left bank of the Rhine has suffered most heavily; so has the shopping district around the Hohestrasse. A number of hits were obtained on important factories, and a large department store employing 400 hands was completely destroyed.

In **Mannheim** bombs put one of the railway lines out of action for some days in the first week of August; sidings and warehouses were destroyed, and a gas container exploded. Considerable losses were inflicted on rolling stock. Finally, at **Karlsruhe** main and goods stations were damaged; electric power supplies were interrupted, and amongst the buildings hit were the Schloss Hotel, the largest brewery, and the military barracks. Heavy casualties were caused when air-raid shelters received direct hits.

From this report, and from accounts which have been received from Lisbon and other neutral sources, it is obvious that our bombs have done considerable damage to Germany. But it can hardly be claimed that it is such as might be expected from the pronouncements quoted above. It is an insult to our own people, to the sorely tried citizens of London and Coventry, Bristol and Plymouth, Birmingham and Liverpool, even to suggest that their ordeal has been paralleled, let alone surpassed, by that of the people of German cities of comparable size and importance. Germany's turn is yet to come.



**BOMBS ON EMDEN, the Prussian seaport and town at the mouth of the Ems. An important industrial centre, it has been visited frequently by the R.A.F. This photograph, taken at night, shows the effect of some of Britain's high-powered bombs on military objectives.**

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; G.P.U.*

# Our Searchlight on the War

### MASSACRED IN FRANCE

FOLLOWING the shooting of Lt.-Col. Holtz, German field commander of the Nantes area, at Nantes on October 20, fifty hostages were shot there and a further fifty threatened with death if the culprits were not handed over. On the following day another German officer was killed at Bordeaux ; this was followed by the execution of another fifty hostages with fifty more to follow if the assailants had not been arrested. These brutal reprisals called forth condemnation from all over the world. President Roosevelt described this deed of savagery as "revolting a world already inured to suffering and brutality." Mr. Churchill, too, issued a statement which said that his Majesty's Government associate themselves fully with the sentiments of horror and condemnation expressed by the President, and declared that "retribution for these crimes must henceforward take its place among the major purposes of the war." The Pope and the Chilean Government were among those who interceded with Berlin on behalf of the 100 hostages awaiting execution. Then Hitler himself ordered a suspension of the executions—not out of mercy, but because he had been advised that the French workers, so sorely needed to make tanks and planes for Germany, were being roused to stubborn defiance.

### DOVER'S FRONT-LINE SCHOOLS

ONE thousand four hundred children of Dover, who have to sleep in cave shelters because they live within range of the Nazi cross-Channel guns, now have to go to school again, and the Dover authorities have expressed themselves as "desperately concerned" at a Board of Education ruling which has compelled the re-opening of schools closed since June 1940. The schools—six in all—are now open every day for part-time education. The Dover Education Committee is of the opinion that the Government should apply a compulsory evacuation order for the children still remaining in that bombarded town. "The children must be educated," they agree, "but that education should not be in a town which is regularly shelled."

**DOVER CHILDREN, who have just returned to school after 16 months' absence, entering their cliff dug-out as part of their daily A.R.P. practice. Dover authorities think that they should be compulsorily evacuated owing to the danger from shelling.** *Photo, G.P.U.*

### DUTCH 'PIMPERNELS' AID R.A.F.

THE Free Dutch newspaper "Vrij Nederland" tells how crews of R.A.F. bombers shot down over Holland are being hidden by the population, who help them to escape to Britain. Dispatches brought from the Netherlands by a Dutch engineer who escaped state : "One of the greatest difficulties in giving these Britons refuge is the problem of feeding. Supplies are short, but our visitors get food. Everybody plays his part—for every ten who are arrested or taken as hostages, twenty new recruits fill the gap." These dispatches relate, also, how a secret wireless transmitting station, known to the Dutch as the "Germicide Sprayer," has not been discovered despite unremitting efforts by the Gestapo. Another interesting point is that after an order had been issued that the Dutch were to surrender to the German authorities all domestic metal, mass "funerals" took place in back gardens as tons of metal were buried. More than 60,000 roof-top aerials in Amsterdam have been removed, ostensibly because they were unsightly. But the real reason was the anxiety of the Nazi authorities in Holland on account of the mass listening by the Dutch to the B.B.C. broadcasts.

### RADIO IN JUNGLE RHYTHM

IN the Belgian Congo natives, educated into military radio operators, use a jungle rhythm, says the "Chicago Daily News" representative, which is a more effective method of secrecy than any secret code. This was ascertained by Belgian colonial officers talking to captured Italian officers. "At times we have had as many as eight cipher officers listening to your radio field orders," the Italians said, "but your operators' sending is so peculiarly uneven and irregular that we cannot even understand the letters they transmit, to say nothing of putting them together." The rhythm these Congo natives use is so eccentric that it is difficult for the Belgian officers themselves to decipher. But the native operators not only receive each other faultlessly, but are experts on messages sent by Italy's all-white operators. The Belgians are now using a corps of negro operators who have very quickly become proficient in their duties.

### NAZI ANTI-CHRIST PLAN

A DOCUMENT outlining a Nazi plan to abolish Christianity entirely in Germany (and, naturally, in all German-dominated countries) is in the possession of the United States State Department, declared Mr. Adolf A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, in a speech at Columbus, Ohio. The programme, said to have been drawn up by some of the most influential members of the German government, aims at reorganizing religion in Germany by setting up a national church, confiscating all church property, eliminating the Christian faith and substituting "Mein Kampf" for the Bible. This was probably the document to which Pres. Roosevelt referred in his Navy Day (Oct. 27) speech, commenting: "the God of Blood and Iron will take the place of the God of Love and Mercy."

### SABOTAGE!

AN amusing incident which occurred while Midland troops were on manoeuvres recently is reported by the "News Chronicle." The troops were told to engage in acts of sabotage, "however small." One officer, noticing that a soldier was busy rummaging inside a Staff car, asked him what he was doing. "Sabotage, sir, small act," was the private's reply. This particular act of sabotage consisted in blunting the edge of the "enemy" general's razor. In the course of the operations the officer was "captured," and while incarcerated at enemy Staff H.Q. was able to watch the general trying to shave with the blunted razor. "It was a good piece of sabotage," was the officer's comment. "Besides hacking his face, the general was so furious that he could scarcely have thought clearly for the rest of the day."

**KEARNY, U.S. destroyer of the Benson Class, completed in 1940, was torpedoed 350 miles south of Iceland on Oct. 17. She is seen being assisted into port by a sister ship. The arrow points to the gash made in the Kearny's side. "Hitler's torpedo," said Mr. Roosevelt, "was directed against every American."** *Photo, Associated Press*

### WARSHIP WEEKS BEGIN

STARTING off with a bang on October 18, the latest Campaign of the National Savings Movement, which is to last until March 1942, caught the popular imagination in so clear a manner as to ensure success. The scheme is to hold Warship Weeks all over the country in which a city or town aims at raising enough in War Savings to pay for a warship. If successful, the town then "adopts" a named warship of the class it has aimed at. In the first Warship Week the cities of Birmingham and Glasgow each aimed at raising £10,000,000 for a battleship. H.M.S. George V and H.M.S. Duke of York respectively, while Sheffield's £2,000,000 was to go for a cruiser of the Sheffield type. Natural rivalry between Birmingham and Glasgow gave the latter £13,510,509 against Birmingham's £10,088,199. A number of other places in the country also held Weeks. One town, Leatherhead, took advantage of the fact that Trafalgar Day fell in the week to revive historical associations with Nelson in procession and play ; aiming at £65,000 for a minesweeper it raised £222,510.

**LEATHERHEAD PARADE in aid of the town's Warship Week to raise £65,000 for a minesweeper. After the costume procession, part of which is seen above, a play, "Nelson at Leatherhead," was performed.** *Photo, Fox*

# Dropping to Earth at Split-Second Intervals

**PARACHUTE TROOPS** descending in the course of manoeuvres somewhere in Britain. They use a fool-proof parachute which opens automatically, leaving the plane at the rate of ten in six to seven seconds. Circle, a parachutist ready with his sub-machine-gun. Parachute soldiers are volunteers, and are selected for special qualities of courage, initiative and determination from almost every branch of the Army. They are trained in conjunction with the R.A.F. (See pages 536-7, Vol. 4).

*Photos, Central Press and G.P.U.*

# Now the Crimea Is Caught in the Nazi Net

As autumn gave place to winter the German armies were flung into the Crimea, and after furious fighting overran the peninsula to the approaches of Sebastopol. At the same time the Nazi pressure was maintained on the other fronts.

THE first German offensive against the Crimea began on September 24. In its opening it was successful, since the Nazi tanks and infantry drove a strong wedge into the Russian defences across the Perekop Isthmus. But the Soviet troops rallied and threw out the Germans with heavy loss. Picked S.S. formations were then flung into the breach, but they too were defeated in a violent battle. Yet another offensive was launched on October 1, and it again was repulsed. About a fortnight later the attack was renewed by General von Manstein's divisions, with Lieut.-General Pflugbeil's Air Corps, and the Russians admitted that furious fighting was in progress and that the danger was great. Then on October 30 there came the claim from Hitler's headquarters that the entrance to the Crimea had been forced. "In breaking through the strongly-fortified defence lines of the enemy between October 18 and October 28" (it continued) "15,700 prisoners were taken and 13 tanks, 109 guns and much other war material were either captured or destroyed. The beaten enemy is being pursued."

For some days subsequent to this announcement the situation in the Crimea was obscure, but there seemed to be little doubt that the Germans had broken through the Perekop defences, and were now debouching on the far-spreading plain, averaging some 100 feet above sea level, which occupies the centre of the Crimea, gradually sloping up into the hill country in the south. So flat is this expanse, so devoid of natural obstacles, that it is small wonder that the Germans, once they had achieved a penetration, pushed rapidly ahead, more particularly when it is learnt that they had concentrated five divisions, 200 aircraft, and a host of tanks and guns on the narrow isthmus.

The defending Russians resisted fiercely; the Germans themselves described the battle as one of the toughest in the war. But the Nazi war machine drove on steadily across the rolling steppes. Soon they had reached the foothills of the Yaila Mountains, and it seemed that the Russian forces had been split into two. One body was slowly retiring along the railway from Simferopol through Bakhchiserai towards the great fortress of Sebastopol, while the other was moving eastwards in the direction of the Kerch Isthmus. Simferopol, the Crimean capital, was claimed by the Germans on November 3, and on the next day they claimed that their troops had occupied Theodosia.

The weight of the Nazi offensive was terrific. Through the torrential rain they were hurling in wave after wave of men, tanks and artillery, with utter disregard of casualties. At the same time the Luftwaffe bombarded the Russian troops in Sebastopol and the other harbours of that shore which in peacetime was famed for its pleasant climate and holiday resorts, where tired Soviet workers recuperated in the sun, but which now was engulfed in the inferno of war.

While this dangerous situation was developing in the Crimea, the battle for Moscow was continuing, now rising to a fresh pitch of intensity, now subsiding into a comparative lull. Both sides brought up masses of reinforcements, and while the Germans employed an apparently inexhaustible number of tanks, the Red Army revealed a preponderance of artillery. At the price of tremendous slaughter the Germans progressed, but their gains, territorially considered, were hardly significant. "Not a step back" was the order issued to the Russian troops on the Moscow front; and it was obeyed with the courageous stubbornness for which the Russians have long been famed. At Mojaisk in the centre of the sector, at Kalinin to the north-west, and between Orel and Tula to the south, fierce fighting was reported to be raging day after day, in heavy snow and in icy winds, and at a temperature 50 degrees below freezing. An official spokesman in Berlin expressed the view that "the Weather God now seems to be either a Russian or a Jew, because he is giving us plenty of trouble."

Particularly bitter was the struggle in the Orel sector, where the Germans were making desperate efforts to break through and cut Russian communications to the east of Moscow. After fighting of the fiercest description, Moscow radio admitted that General Guderian's tanks had made some progress. At the same time a fierce struggle was still continuing for the possession of Kalinin, representing the tip of the northern claw of the pincers of which the offensive against Tula formed the southern.

Tula was mentioned for the first time in a Russian communiqué on October 30, when it was stated that all attacks by the German and Fascist forces—a reference presumably to the Finnish and Spanish volunteer divisions trained in Germany, which had now arrived on the Eastern Front—in the direction of Volokolamsk, Mojaisk, Malo Yaroslavets, and Tula—were repulsed with great losses to the enemy. At the approaches to Tula the Russian soldiers under General Yermakov were fighting shoulder to shoulder with workers of the town. Once again the Germans put out the claim that the enemy had been annihilated, when General Zukhov's forces were more than holding their own. "All the same, the situation in the Tula area has become menacing," announced Moscow on October 30. The highway to Tula was reported to be littered with wrecked machines, aircraft, burned-out tanks, and uncounted thousands of German bodies.

**UKRAINE FRONT, showing the German advance in the Donetz basin area and the threat to the Crimea. At the beginning of November fierce fighting raged between Taganrog and Rostov and the Germans were making headway in the Crimea.**

**MOSCOW'S ENVIRONS, showing how the German threat to the Russian capital had developed by the end of October 1941.**

## Nazi Progress in the South

Meanwhile the Germans were developing their drive in the south. The evacuation by the Soviet troops of the great industrial city of Kharkov in the Donetz basin was admitted in the Russian communiqué issued at midnight on October 29. Fighting had been continuing in the streets in the suburbs for many days, and now the city was evacuated for strategic reasons, and not before the Nazis had lost 120,000 killed and wounded, 450 tanks, 3,000 lorries, and 200 guns.

After abandoning Kharkov Timoshenko's divisions continued their slow, stubborn retreat eastwards, fighting every inch of the way against an enemy almost as exhausted as themselves, and in weather conditions reported to be even worse than those prevailing at Moscow. Here as elsewhere the German casualties were exceedingly heavy, and there was significance in the report that a new expeditionary force had been sent by Hungary to the Ukraine and had already proved itself in action.

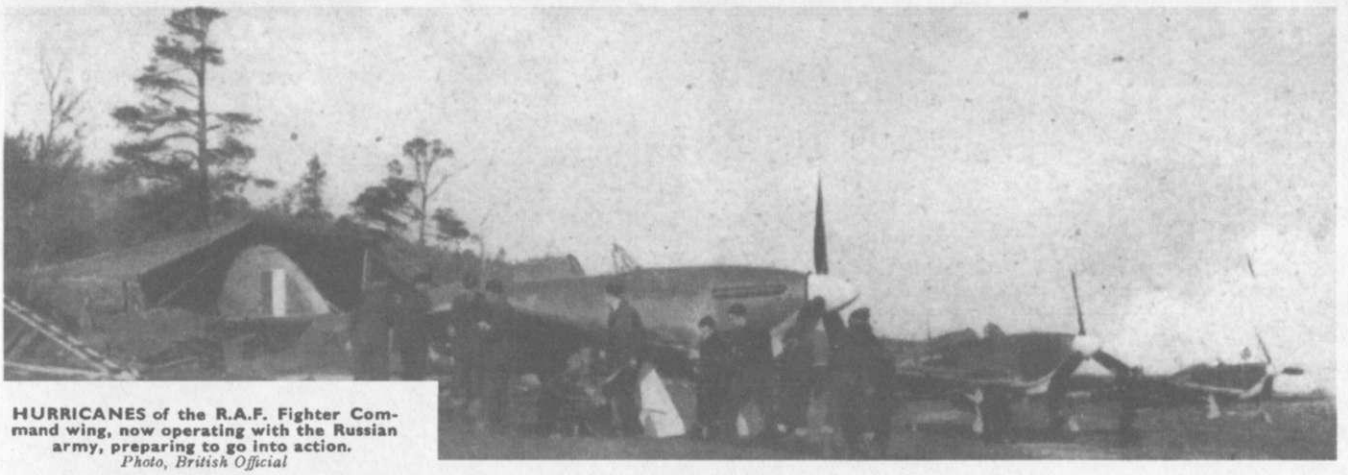
Between Kharkov and the Crimea Von Rundstedt pushed rapidly ahead against the Donetz basin. By early in November the Germans were reported to be within 10 or 15 miles of Rostov at the mouth of the Don. Here, for the time being at least, they were halted, so fierce was the Russian resistance. To reinforce the Red Army the miners of the Donetz basin formed themselves into regiments and, fighting side by side with the regulars, proved themselves most redoubtable warriors.

From other sectors of the vast front there was little to report. Leningrad was still holding out, its garrison counter-attacking whenever opportunity offered; while at Murmansk in the far north the Germans were said to be digging-in—for warmth.

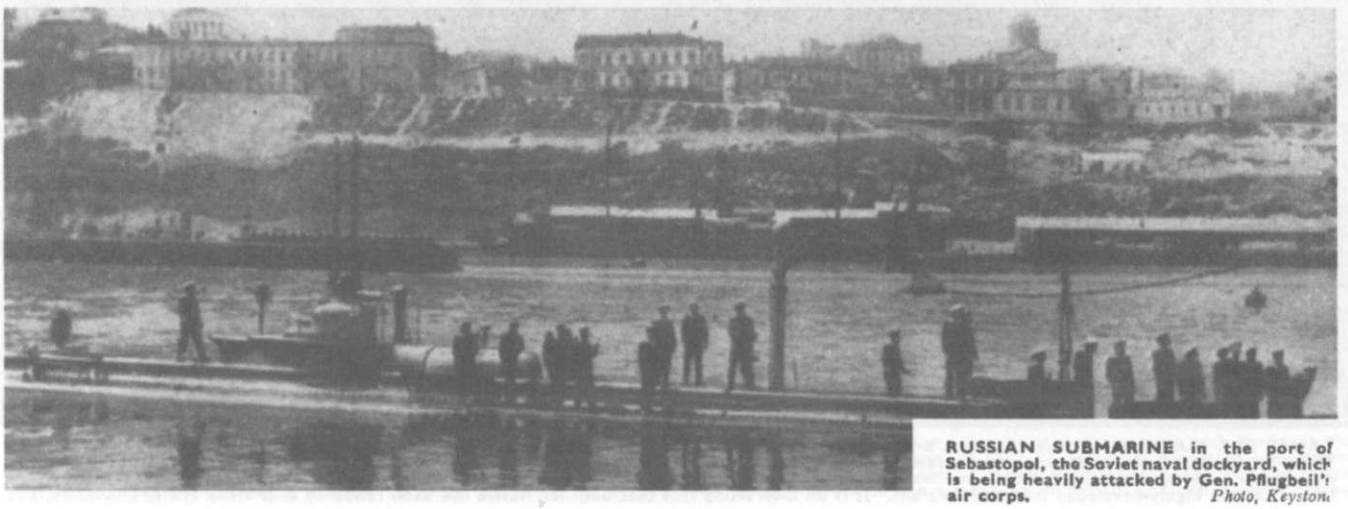
# Millions Have Died But Millions Fight On

**NAZI SOLDIERS' GRAVES** near the village of Malaya Nezhoda, recently recaptured by Soviet troops. *Photo, British Official*

**ROSTOV-ON-DON:** tractor workshops in the big industrial city, key-centre of south-eastern Russia, which the Germans are making terrific efforts to capture. *Photo, E.N.A.*



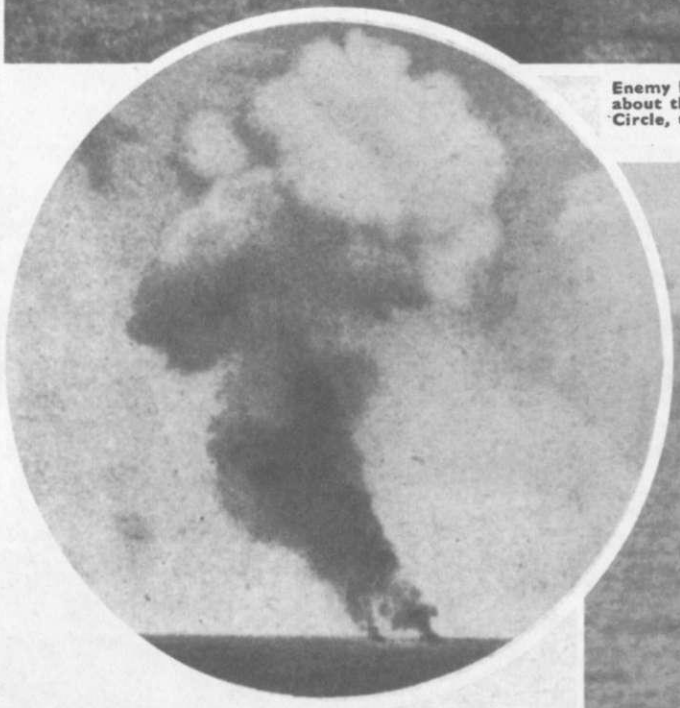
**HURRICANES** of the R.A.F. Fighter Command wing, now operating with the Russian army, preparing to go into action. *Photo, British Official*



**RUSSIAN SUBMARINE** in the port of Sebastopol, the Soviet naval dockyard, which is being heavily attacked by Gen. Pflugbeil's air corps. *Photo, Keystone*

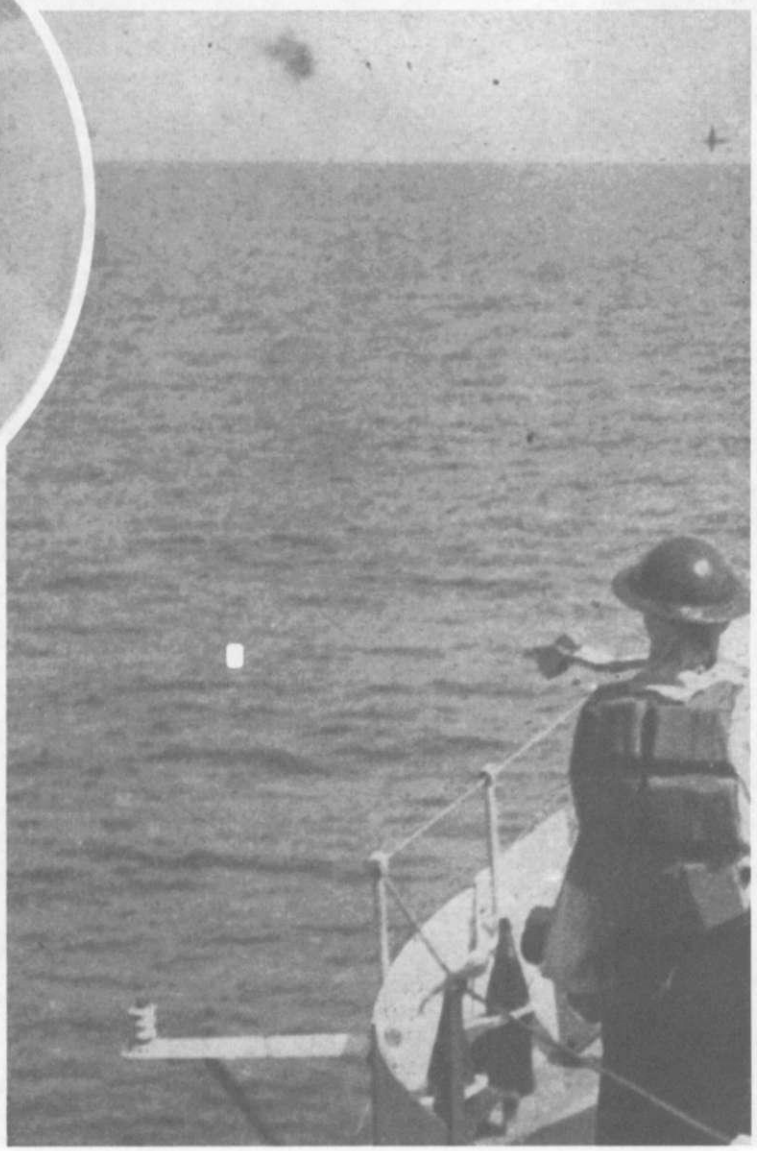
# Will They Be in Time? Maybe These Tanks of Ours Will Help

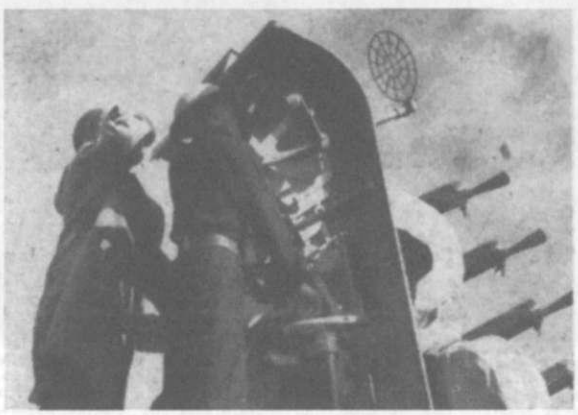
# Convoy Raiding Is Now a 'Desperate Assault'



Enemy bomber coming in to attack a British merchantman. Shells are bursting about the aircraft, and splinters falling into the sea send up fountains of spray. Circle, the end of a raider which was shot down and broke into two parts on hitting the sea.

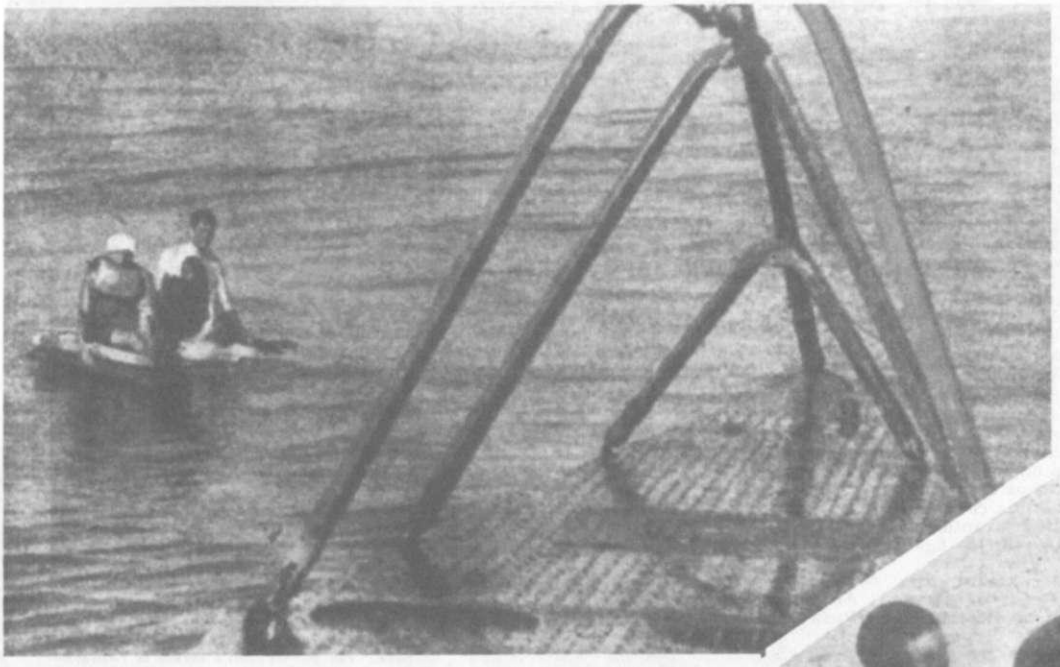
"TODAY an attack on a convoy can be compared with nothing less than a desperate assault on a mighty line of fortifications. British convoys are now always powerfully escorted by large numbers of fast and heavily armed warships ; all these encircle the convoy, keeping vigilant and sharp watch. Moreover, all the merchantmen themselves are armed with A.A. guns or machine-guns. Added to this are the cruisers with their heavy-calibre guns . . . barrage balloons with their malicious steel cables. As soon as our bombers approach a most murderous fire is opened, and they have no easy task to penetrate this hail of shrapnel, steel and iron. For them to get at the ships is to go down into the shadowland of death." *Berlin Radio, Oct. 26*





The Italian torpedo bomber on the horizon has been attacking a British convoy ; in the foreground a gun crew is busy with the A.A. gun. Left, working the 0·5 A.A. weapon aboard a corvette, the plucky little craft which has done such admirable work in protecting convoys. *Photos, Central Press, Fox*

# Adrift in Mid-Ocean: Seen from a U-Boat

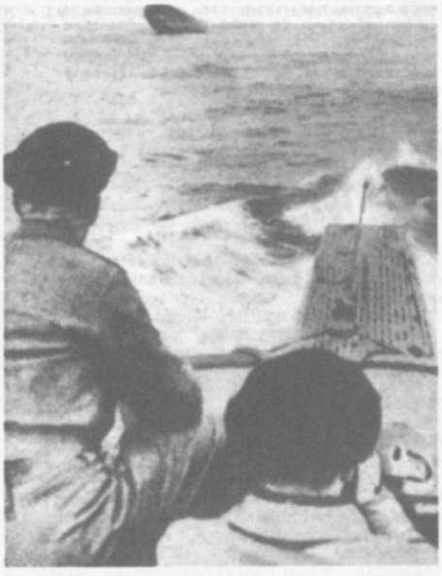


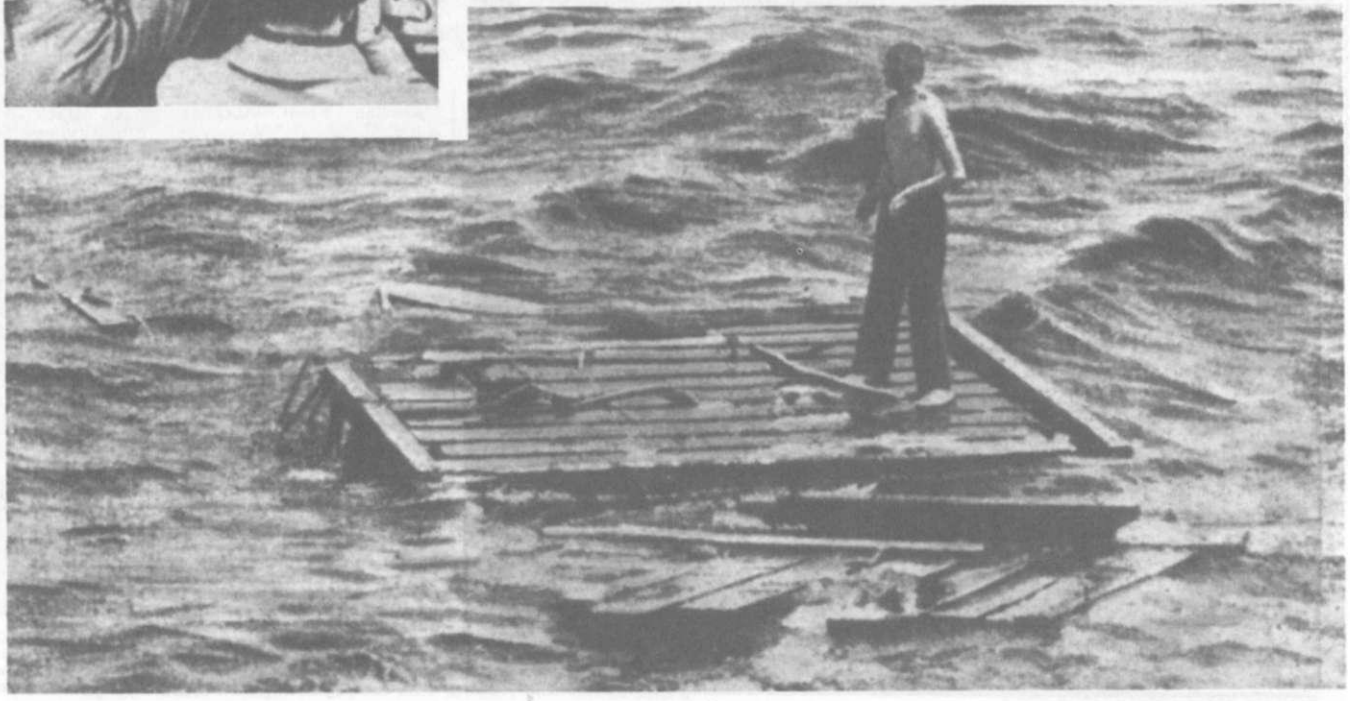
**Taken by a German sailor aboard a U-boat, these photographs add yet another grim page to the Nazi black record of infamy and crime.**

**An Allied merchantman has been torpedoed, and those of her crew who survive are now afloat on the deep. What was their fate we are not permitted to know. Perhaps they were taken on board the U-boat; perhaps they were left to drift.**

**The photographs, from left to right down the page, are of merchant sailors in a rubber dinghy; a U-boat gunner firing at the sinking ship which has just been torpedoed; two negroes and two white sailors on a rubber dinghy, and a lone seaman standing on a frail raft.**

*Photos, Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED





# Our Diary of the War

***MONDAY, OCT. 27, 1941*** *786th day*

**Air.**—Seaplane base at Ostend raided. Offensive sweep over N. France. Six enemy fighters destroyed.

**Russian Front.**—Russian troops made a successful counter-attack across the river Nara. Germans made further progress in the Donetz basin.

**Mediterranean.**—Goods train blown up by R.A.F. near Cotrone, S. Italy.

**Africa.**—Benghazi harbour raided by heavy bombers on night of Oct. 26-27. Again attacked in daylight on Oct. 27 by S.A.A.F. Store dumps near Gambut raided by medium bombers. Trenches at Deva, near Gondar, bombed by R.A.F.

**General.**—President Roosevelt, in a broadcast, declared that America was at her battle stations. Venezuelan Government ordered withdrawal of all consuls from Germany and German-occupied territories.

***TUESDAY, OCT. 28*** *787th day*

**Air.**—Offensive sweep over N. France. Hudson aircraft bombed enemy convoy off Terschelling. Night raid on objectives in S. and S.W. Germany and docks at Cherbourg.

**Russian Front.**—Heavy fighting continued along R. Nara. Germans claimed capture of Kramatorsk in Donetz basin. Fierce fighting in suburbs of Kharkov.

**Africa.**—Benghazi harbour raided by heavy bombers on night of Oct. 27-28. Daylight raid on military camp at Buerat El Hsun.

**Home.**—Slight enemy activity by night over West Country. One enemy bomber destroyed.

***WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29*** *788th day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. sweeps over enemy occupied territory. Aerodromes, trains and ships attacked. Soviet Air Force raided Berlin at night.

**Russian Front.**—Russians announced evacuation of Kharkov after inflicting 120,000 casualities on the enemy in that sector. Germans claimed important break-through into Crimea through Perekop Isthmus.

**Mediterranean.**—Comiso, Sicily, raided by naval aircraft on night of Oct. 28-29. R.A.F. bombers attacked Siderna, Soverato, Locri and Catanzaro Marino, South Italy.

**Africa.**—Tripoli heavily raided by R.A.F. on night of Oct. 28-29. Enemy positions south of Ambazzo, Abyssinia, effectively bombed.

**General.**—Vichy Government banned listening to British broadcasts. U.S. naval tanker Salinas sunk S.W. of Iceland by torpedo.

***THURSDAY, OCT. 30*** *789th day*

**Air.**—Coastal Command carried out devastating raid on harbour and anchorages at Aalesund, Norway, on night of Oct. 29-30. Seven supply ships left sunk or sinking. Offensive sweep over N. France.

**Russian Front.**—Fierce fighting around Tula. Rundstedt's armies claimed to have reached upper reaches of the Donetz on a broad front. Battle for Rostov increased in intensity.

**Mediterranean.**—Heraklion and Suda Bay, Crete, raided by R.A.F. on night of Oct. 29-30.

**Africa.**—Tripoli, Benghazi, Tmimi and Bardia bombed on night of Oct. 29-30.

**General.**—U.S. destroyer Reuben James sunk by torpedo while on convoy duty.

***FRIDAY, OCT. 31*** *790th day*

**Air.**—Offensive sweep by R.A.F. over N. France. Night raid on shipping off Norwegian coast and Frisian Islands. Eleven ships sunk. Night attacks on Bremen, Hamburg and N.W. Germany as well as docks at Dunkirk and Boulogne.

**Russian Front.**—Russians held further fierce drive for Moscow. Germans made further progress on the Ukraine front and in the Crimea.

**Mediterranean.**—Night attack on Naples and on Licata and Palermo in Sicily.

**Home.**—A few bombs fell in E. Anglia by night. 2 enemy bombers destroyed.

***SATURDAY, NOV. 1*** *791st day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. sweep over N. France.

**Russian Front.**—Intense fighting in streets of Kalinin. Germans claimed to have crossed the upper Donetz. Crimea gap widened.

**Home.**—Raiders over N.W. England at night. 6 enemy bombers destroyed. First occasion on which A.T.S. girls directed A.A. fire against enemy planes.

***SUNDAY, NOV. 2*** *792nd day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Night attack by Coastal Command Hudsons on shipping off Dutch and Norwegian coasts.

**Russian Front.**—Simferopol, capital of Crimea, captured by German and Rumanian troops.

**Africa.**—Enemy aircraft dropped bombs on Cairo area. R.A.F. bombers carried out four-hour attack on enemy aerodrome at Castel Benito, south of Tripoli.

**Home.**—A few bombs fell at night in E. Anglia and E. Coast of Scotland. One enemy raider destroyed.

**General.**—Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell arrived in Singapore.

***MONDAY, NOV. 3*** *793rd day*

**Sea.**—Coastal forces in Channel intercepted a strongly escorted enemy supply ship, which was hit by two torpedoes. Enemy escort heavily engaged with successful results.

**Air.**—Enemy positions in N. France and enemy shipping attacked off French and Belgian coasts by Spitfires of Fighter Command. Soviet aircraft made night attack on Danzig, Koenigsberg and Riga. The German battleship Tirpitz was heavily bombed at Danzig.

**Russian Front.**—German drive towards Crimean ports of Sebastopol and Kerch continued. In the Moscow sector Russian forces made several strong counter-attacks. Russians regained part of Kalinin.

**General.**—Washington announced that U.S. had warned Finland to cease military operations against Russia.

***TUESDAY, NOV. 4*** *794th day*

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced that five ships of a Vichy convoy carrying contraband goods were captured off S. African coast. Attempts to scuttle the ships were foiled.

**Air.**—Night attack on industrial districts in Ruhr and Rhineland. Ostend and Dunkirk docks bombed. Supply ship sunk off Terschelling.

**Russian Front.**—Another great attack launched against Moscow. In the Crimea German troops advanced towards the outer defences of Sebastopol.

**Africa.**—Night attacks by R.A.F. on petrol dumps at Benghazi, Berka and Benina. Motor transport at Bardia bombed.

***WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5*** *795th day*

**Air.**—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Goods trains and ammunition dumps attacked.

**Russian Front.**—Moscow armies held new Nazi onslaught on capital. Heavy fighting in Crimea. German advance in Ukraine slowed down. Russian Black Sea Fleet reported to have left Sebastopol.

**Africa.**—Shipping in Gulf of Sirte, Libya, attacked by R.A.F. bombers.

**General.**—Turkish M.T.B. Kenah Dere torpedoed and sunk in Bosporus by an unknown submarine.

**2nd Lt. CHARLES UPHAM, of the New Zealand Force, who has won the V.C. for gallantry during the German invasion of Crete. He performed a series of remarkable exploits, showing outstanding leadership and tactical skill. He commanded a forward platoon in the attack on Maleme on May 22, 1941, and fought his way forward for over 3,000 yards, unsupported by any other arms, against a defence strongly organized in depth.**

**Sergt. ALFRED HULME, of the New Zealand Force, also awarded the V.C. for heroic conduct during the operations in Crete. The official citation states that he exhibited most outstanding and inspiring qualities of leadership, initiative, skill, endurance and devotion to duty from the commencement of the action on May 20, 1941, until he was wounded in the field eight days later.**

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Off for a 'Cruise' in Tobruk's Perimeter

**DESERT PATROL** in the Tobruk area is carried out by cruiser tanks such as that seen above, among others. Most of the officers and men who form the crews of these tanks have taken part in the war in Libya since it began. "Our patrols were active in the Tobruk area" is an official formula which conveys little to the man in the street, but those few words may cover many a story of strange adventure in the desert sands where British tanks are a tempting but elusive target for Axis artillery and dive-bombers.

*Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Behind the Front: Battle of Supplies in Russia

About the actual fighting in Russia we are told all too little; about the conditions behind the lines, the preparations for the battle, we are told even less. Here, then, is an article giving at least some idea of the enormous difficulties which have to be overcome on the one side and the other.

MILLIONS of men to be transported, fed, clothed, and armed; many hundreds of thousands of mechanical vehicles to be kept oiled and supplied with petrol, tens of thousands of planes to be fuelled . . . We have but to think of these things to realize the immensity of the supply problems which confront the German commissariat and the Russian.

Both have to contend with vast distances; both have to make provision for enormous numbers, to supply by road and rail colossal quantities of every kind of war material. But beyond this there is little similarity. Germany's supply lines stretch for 1,000 miles beyond Berlin, across a hostile Poland and vast tracts of conquered territory which the retreating Russians have converted into a burnt desert. The roads still exist; but the railways in many places have been destroyed, and in any case the Russian gauge is 5 ft. while the German is the same as ours—4 ft. 8½ ins. As the Germans advance they have to reconstruct what has been destroyed, and their activities in this direction are constantly hampered by bands of Russian guerillas, or "partisans," and by innumerable acts of sabotage.

The Russians, for their part, are operating a transport system which has been vastly improved of recent years, and does not seem to have been affected to any considerable extent by German bombing. Their base towns, too, even those quite close to the front, are still intact; while on the German side of the line most of the captured towns and villages are mere shells, having been destroyed by the Russians after all their war plant had been removed or put out of action. Thus the Germans have complained that the Zaporozhe aluminium factory on the Dnieper was empty when they reached it, that Kiev had been cleared before it was burned. It is more than likely that they found Kharkov an empty gain, since all the arms factories had been removed before the city's fall, together with the skilled workers and, indeed, most of the population.

In these circumstances all the more credit is due to those responsible for the maintenance of German supplies. There can be no gainsaying the extraordinary efficiency of the German equivalents of our Ordnance and Service Corps, but it would seem that the palm should go to the vast organization built up by Dr. Todt which, after constructing the great motor roads in Germany and the Westwall or Siegfried Line along the Rhine, is now engaged on the supply lines between Germany and the Eastern Front. At the time of the invasion of Russia its strength was reported to be about 300,000 men, and since then it has been increased considerably; some 50,000 Jews are stated to be included in its ranks, some drawn from the Rhineland and some from German-occupied Poland. Not a single able-bodied Jew remained under his charge, boasted Gauleiter Greiser; all had been dispatched to work on roads behind the front in Russia.

Road construction and maintenance is the Todt Organization's chief job, but its labourers have also been employed for building fortifications, repairing damaged water and electric mains in the captured cities, repairing railway embankments and bridges. In his speech on October 3 Hitler stated that 25,000 kilometres of Russian railways had been reconstructed and put into service, while 15,000 kilometres had been switched over to the German gauge. The actual conversion seems to have been done in the main by the Army Railway Corps.

Another of the Todt Organization's activities is the construction of vast numbers of wooden barracks in which it is hoped the Nazi troops will spend the coming winter in conditions of reasonable comfort. The other day it was reported from Berlin that 1,000 portable blockhouses had been brought to within 25 miles of the front, 50 blockhouses comprising a "village." Each blockhouse is equipped with electric or petroleum heating, each "village" has a mobile power station. The same correspondent stated that German factories are pouring out tinned goods, vitamin tablets and anti-frost preparations; and from other sources we learn that vast quantities of special woollen underclothing, gloves and ear-warmers, bedding and comforts, are being prepared and dispatched to the German armies in Russia. Among the comforts are mentioned the finest French brandies, Dutch cigars, and Bulgarian cigarettes—all things which are quite unobtainable by the German civilian, but which Hitler, in his wisdom, deems not too good for the German warrior.

While the directing staffs in the Todt Organization are German, great numbers of the labourers are drawn from the occupied countries. In these countries, indeed, the blockhouses just referred to, as well as numbers of wooden huts, have been constructed by the forced labour of prisoners. Vast numbers of Russian prisoners-of-war are being employed, and the Nazis are making tempting offers to those of the Russians who are still living in the occupied territory. Recently a German broadcast from Kiev appealed to Russian engineers, technicians, tradesmen, chauffeurs, locksmiths and carpenters to enlist in the Todt Organization. But it is exceedingly unlikely that the Russians will "fall for" any appeals of this description; besides, the key-workers have mostly been evacuated.

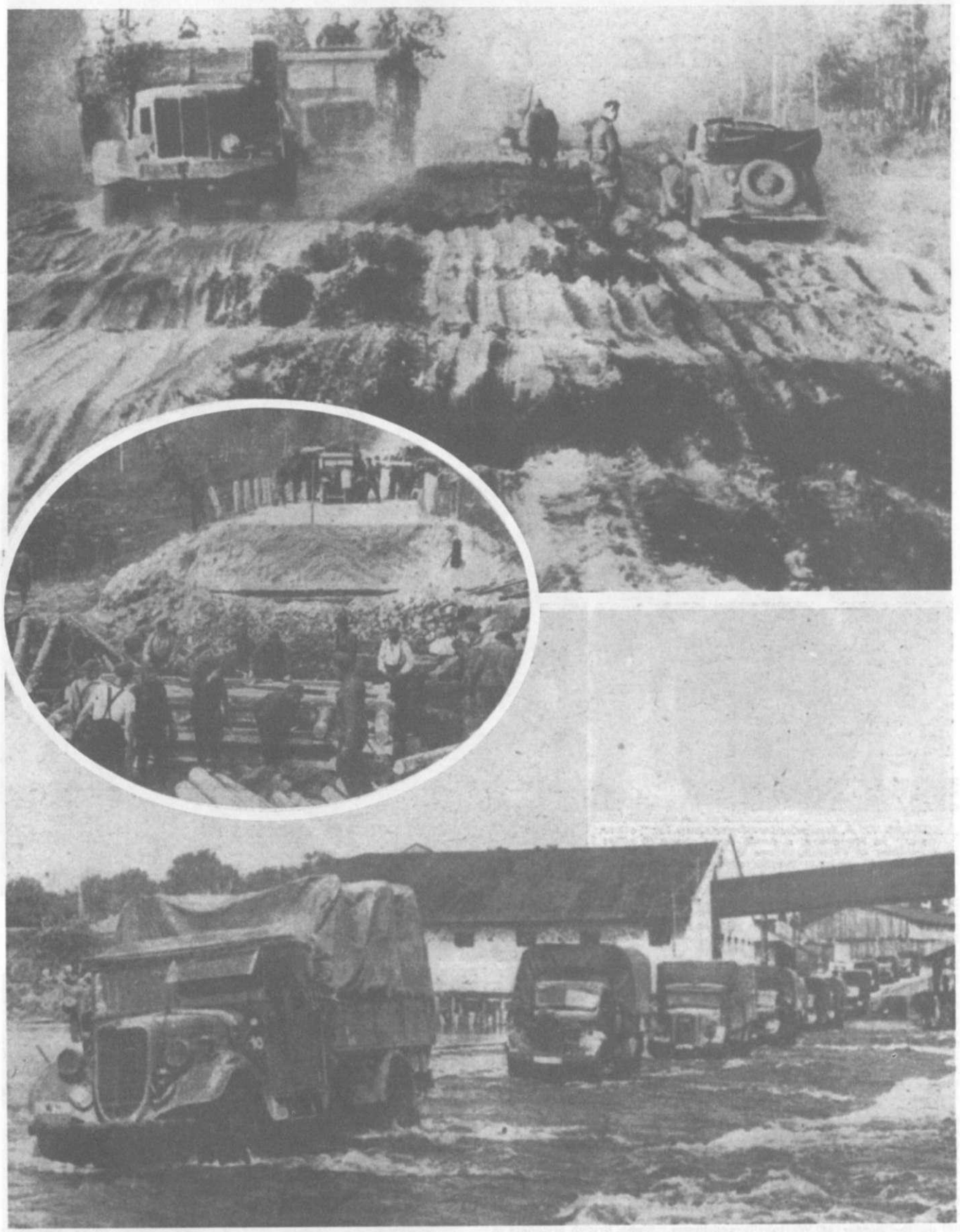
In some respects the Russians' supply position compares favourably with that of the Germans, but as a whole it is increasingly serious. Before the war the most vital industrial centres in European Russia were the regions about Leningrad and Moscow, the Ukraine and the Donetz Basin. All these have now been lost to Russia—if not entirely, at least in very large measure. More and more the Soviet Union is becoming dependent on outside supplies obtained through Archangel and Iran, and by way of the tremendous haul across Siberia, from Vladivostok. Her Birminghams and Sheffields have had to be abandoned one by one, their plant evacuated or destroyed; hundreds of thousands of her most skilled workers have been taken prisoners, wounded or killed.

Not even General Winter is so good a friend to Russia as he was in Napoleon's time, since motor vehicles can make quite good progress across hard snow. But at least there is some comfort in the thought that the Red soldiers and workers are inured to the Russian winter; while the Nazis, and still more their allies from the warmer south—the Italians in particular—are likely to find that a wooden blockhouse, heated by an oil stove, is not exactly a home from home.

**SOVIET SUPPLY LINES within the Union are illustrated in this map, which shows the main rivers and railway lines as well as the position of the oil-fields and pipe-lines.**

*Map, Courtesy of the "Manchester Guardian"*

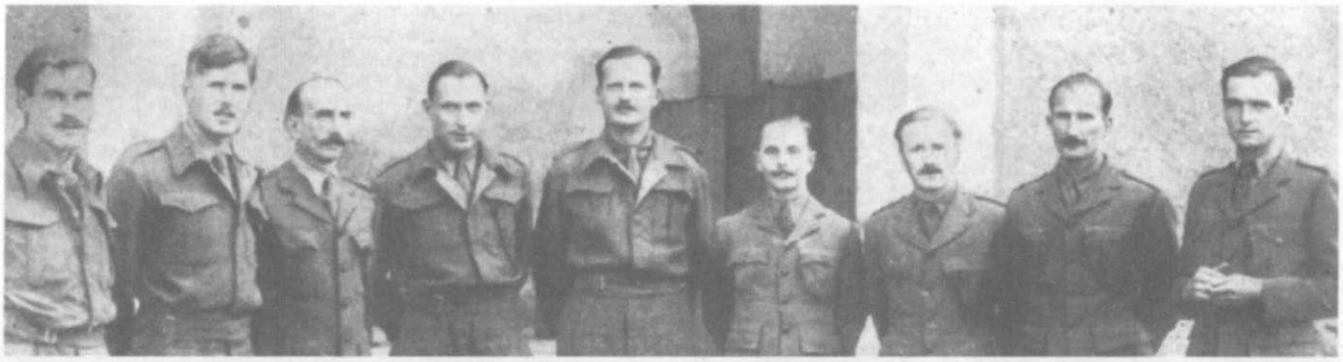
# Mud and Man Combine to Thwart the Nazis



**ON THE EASTERN FRONT** obstacles to progress, man-made and natural, are now being everywhere encountered by the German forces. An instance of how Nature is taking a hand in the game and impeding the German advance is given in the top photograph, which shows how bad weather conditions, combined with an abnormal amount of traffic, are wrecking Russian roads and making them almost impassable. Two more photographs from German sources show (oval) a bridge destroyed by the Russians near Repols ; and above, a diverted watercourse, which, however, is not sufficiently deep to hinder the advance of this German supply column.

*Photos, Associated Press and Sport & General*

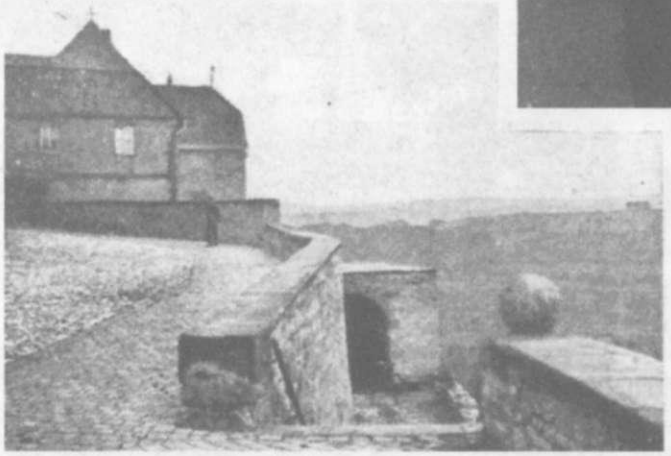
# After the Battle the Heavy Hours of Captivity



**QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES:** Officers taken prisoner after the defence of Calais, at the German camp, Oflag VII C., Laufen. The two on the left and the one on the right are unidentified; the others, left to right, are Lieut. Courtenay, Capt. J. A. Brown, Lt.-Col. J. A. M. Ellison-Macartney, Capt. P. J. E. Monico, Capt. A. N. L. Munby, and Lieut. S. J. Saunders.

**STALAG VII A.** is a prisoner-of-war camp for "other ranks" at Moosburg, a small town about 40 miles north-east of Munich. Here in the castle (entrance shown above) many British soldiers are interned.

**OFLAG IX A:** British prisoners-of-war in cheerful mood, for they have received eagerly awaited parcels from home.



**OFLAG VI B.,** Warburg, to which British officer prisoners recently held at Oflag VII C and Oflag VII D., have been transferred. Warburg is on the border of Westphalia and Hesse. Right, British prisoners at Stalag XX A, shown on the map in page 101, Vol. 4 to be at Thorn, in Poland. Among these soldiers are C. W. Davis (front centre), K. J. Brydson, A. Cross, H. K. Wright, M. Fox, N. C. Baker, A. Johnstone, A. H. Berrisford, F. Nurse, A. L. Gosling.

*Photos, Daily Telegraph; E.N.A.; Keystone: Associated Press*

# 'Commando' Men Have 'Guts' and 'Gumption'

BRITAIN'S COMMANDO TROOPS are encouraged to develop initiative in every possible way and must be able to adapt themselves to all sorts of circumstances. Men of a Commando unit are here seen trying some experiments with their equipment.

Woodcraft is an essential part of the training of a commando. The men must be able to light a fire with as little smoke as possible so as not to give away their position. They must also be able to live on the country and they learn to kill and dress their own food (below).

Severe training is undergone by men of the commando units. Physical strength and power of resistance are of prime importance to these shock troops. Commando men are trained to the utmost limit of physical endurance and think nothing of climbing a steep hillside carrying full equipment. "Tough" is a commando's second name.

"COMMANDO" first came into our language during the South African War of 40 years ago, but the word is now sometimes seen on the shoulders of soldiers in battledress.

These men are shock troops, drawn from nearly every regiment in the Army. They are trained not only to operate independently on land for long periods without the assistance of the supply and maintenance organizations which normally minister to the needs of the fighting soldier, but also in amphibious warfare, training for which is carried out in cooperation with the Royal Navy. Both officers and men are familiarized with the life of ocean-going ships and are trained in the use of small craft, including practice in rapid embarkation and disembarkation by day and night in all sorts of weather. Most of this latter training is carried out with assault landing craft and motor landing craft, flat-bottomed motor-boats with bullet-proof protection —the former type capable of landing an infantry platoon, and the latter motor vehicles or a company of infantry, direct on shore. As may be expected, great attention is paid to instruction in swimming. Everyone with "Commando" on his shoulder is able to swim short distances in full equipment with his rifle kept high above the water.

ON land the soldiers are trained to march long distances over the most difficult country, existing on the scanty rations they can carry with them. As they may have to act as guerillas, all ranks have to master map-reading, the use of the compass and the tricks of field-craft. They are also trained in the elements of ju-jitsu.

Finally, they must all be extremely skilled in the use of their own weapons, and also must have a working knowledge of weapons which they may capture from the enemy. As shock troops they are taught how explosives can best be carried and used to the best effect. A final subject in their curriculum is the hunting of the tank.

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

## We Sang as the Germans Shelled Us at Calais

Of the heroic garrison of 4,000 under Brigadier Nicholson which defended Calais in May 1940 (see page 627, Vol. II) only 47 escaped. Here are the first-hand stories of some of these officers and men.

I LANDED in Calais on Thursday, May 23 (said Rifleman David Hosington, D.C.M., a 35-year-old Cardiff reservist of the King's Royal Rifles). We were told that the Germans were only seven miles away, but we did not believe it, and took it as a joke. We soon found it was true. I was with a half company of 60 other ranks and two officers who were holding a canal.

I saw my first German at about four o'clock on the Friday morning. He was a member of a small reconnaissance party which loomed in the darkness on a road a few hundred yards away. I waited breathlessly, holding my fire while they loitered for five or ten minutes. Then, when they turned to retreat, I let them have it with a Bren gun. They all fell flat, but one was wounded and three others were brought in later as prisoners.

On Friday evening we were told to retire, and we occupied a large hotel adjoining the post office, from which we could command three streets. There was a great deal of sniping going on, chiefly by Fifth Columnists, most of whom seemed to be wearing blue coats and flannel trousers.

Towards lunch-time on Saturday there was a lull in the German shelling and dive-bombing, which had been almost uninterrupted, and I saw a German officer, accompanied by a French officer as guide, going to the headquarters of Brigadier Nicholson, who commanded the Calais force, with a white flag. He had come to ask us to surrender, but he got the right answer.

We expected then to be blown to bits by the German artillery, having no artillery of our own, and the only thing we hoped for was that "Jerry" might run out of ammunition. So we left one or two sentries at the top windows of the hotel and retired to a cellar. Then, when the bombardment began, we got some beer and a piano and had a sing-song. We sang "Roll out the barrel" and many other songs—there was nothing else to do.

Then the Germans began to send light tanks down the road between the blazing houses. We fired at them with anti-tank rifles with good effect. Next morning I was sniping from an upper window and I saw the Germans only 200 yards away. It was a good shoot.

At this time a duel developed between a British destroyer in the harbour and the German artillery. It was good to think they were getting something back.

More German dive-bombing started, and they must have been bombing their own troops, for the town was full of them. Later in the day we abandoned the hotel, and there was a general retirement towards the docks. It was carried out in perfect order, the men helping one another. We had hardly five rounds of ammunition apiece, but we had a few bombs, and occasionally went off to bomb out some of the Fifth Columnists who still pestered us with their sniping.

We blew up everything we could. Then we could retire no farther—the Germans were in front of us and behind us. We were out of ammunition. It was all over.

MAJOR D. TALBOT, Royal West Kent Regiment, who was brigade major to Brigadier Nicholson, described the last moments in the citadel, where the garrison consisted of some French, a party of marines sent out specially from England, and some units of searchlight men, A.A. gunners, and others who had mustered in Calais. He said:

Headquarters were in a bastion under one of the sandy 20-ft. walls of the citadel. Few of the defenders had had much sleep for six days and they had had scratch meals of biscuits and bully beef. There was little water. Then our radio and telephone communications were hit. We got no news from Dunkirk—but kept in touch by radio with England.

Dive-bombing had been going on all day without intermission. We knew little of what was happening outside. Then at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon an officer rushed in to say that the Germans were in the citadel. I do not know exactly what had happened. We ran out to find that the Germans were on top of the walls with grenades in their hands. It was the end of resistance.

A YOUNG lance-corporal in the Rifle Brigade described how the wounded were picked up by the Navy while the Germans were shelling Calais harbour. He said:

We were lying in the dressing-station, feeling there was no chance of a ship getting through to us, when, travelling at top speed, two naval speed-boats appeared. They completed a circle of the harbour before coming alongside the quay. Two naval ratings climbed out of the launches and, throwing away their cigarettes, said calmly: "Who wants a lift? Our minesweeper is waiting outside, gentlemen."

During the next half-hour British and French soldiers who could still walk loaded the more seriously wounded into the launches. Firing from near-by cranes and warehouses, hidden German snipers waited until we appeared on the wharf with a stretcher. Then they let loose, and it is a wonder any of us escaped. When the launches were loaded until they were dangerously low in the water we set out to sea, through the barrage of German shell fire. In the end we were picked up by the minesweeper. Even then we were still in danger. Four dive-bombers tried to sink us, and the last dropped a bomb ten feet from the bows, which stopped the engine and split a plate on the starboard side. However, the engineers got the engines going again and we all crowded to the port side to keep the vessel on an even keel.—"*Daily Telegraph*" *and* "*Evening News*"

## I Shall Never Forget that First 'Blitz' Night

Hundreds of volunteer ambulance drivers stand ready to turn out by day or night to take air-raid wounded to hospital. One of them—a woman who has given her whole time to this work in London for over three years—here tells of some of her experiences.

TWELVE months before the war I joined up as a driver with the London Auxiliary Ambulance. We were given training in night-driving without lights and in gas-masks; we took courses in first-aid and direction-finding. With the outbreak of war came a flood of new recruits, but not until another twelve months had passed did the first "blitz" raid on London come.

I shall never forget that night. We heard the bombs falling, and sat tight until a call came from a street not far from the station.

**HEROES OF CALAIS** are seen above. They are, from left to right, Major Williams, 60th Rifles; Major Dennis Talbot, Royal West Kents; Rifleman David Hosington, D.C.M., King's Royal Rifles; and Lce.-Cpl. Richard Illingworth, Queen Victoria's Rifles. Rifleman Hosington and Major Talbot tell in this page their own stories of the epic defence of Calais in May 1940, when a small force under Brigadier Nicholson was given the task of holding the town at all costs as a check to the German advance upon Dunkirk. They held out for four days against vastly superior forces, thus helping in no small measure to save a great part of the B.E.F. *Photos, Associated Press*

## I WAS THERE!

**L.C.C. ambulance waits while rescue parties search for survivors from a bombed tenement house. Some experiences of an ambulance driver are related in this page.**
*Photo, Sport & General*

It was my turn for duty, so I went out at once with the Station Officer. The start wasn't easy. It was getting on for midnight and every light had gone out just as we got the call. We groped our way to the garage in the darkness, started up our ambulance and were soon away. A "sitting car" followed us, to pick up walking wounded.

I can't say that I was altogether happy at the idea of going out on such a dark night with bombs and shrapnel falling. Once out on the street we didn't worry a bit about that. We have often thought since, when we've been looking over our ambulance the morning after a raid, how little we can remember, though we can see then how many pieces of shell must have struck us.

We found our street and a stretcher party waiting for us. The two of us got out at once and began, with the help of the stretcher-bearers, to take our four stretchers out of the ambulance. One was out, both of us helping at the foot-end as usual, when one of the stretcher party yelled "Get down!"

Hearing his yell and the whiz of the bomb, we all fell flat on our faces. That one exploded in a near-by street. A second fell as we were getting the rest of the stretchers out—and down we went again . . .

We reckon our worst night was that on which a shelter was struck and many poor people badly injured. Three calls came, and one lasted three hours. Here we watched the rescue party risking everything to find someone thought or known to be under the ruins. We were back again next day to see a poor old man brought out more dead than alive, but it is amazing how many people came out alive and cheerful after a night under the rubble.

During the earlier weeks of the blitz we learned to be very grateful for our first-aid training. We are not called on so often now to help in that way. There are more first-aid workers, and in any case the most important thing is to get the victim quickly to a hospital. We cover our people up, see that they are comfortably fixed in the ambulance, and take the smoothest road to the nearest hospital. That takes some finding on a black night, with the way possibly blocked by a fallen house or a new-made crater.

Our personal good luck has been very great. We have driven for miles over broken glass, and I cannot remember a single tire-burst. We have walked in the dark over glass, stones, bricks, and the timbers of fallen buildings, and, thanks to our rubber knee-boots, which are very wonderful, and our "tin-hats," we have had neither cuts nor bruises to show.

Our station has had a bad time. Nine bombs have fallen in or around it. One crashed into the garage and we lost several ambulances and a perfectly good Rolls-Royce. In spite of this our personal casualties total only one. We have two day shifts of eight hours each, followed by two night shifts of sixteen hours each, and two clear days off. In addition we can take one day a month as a holiday, or as many as twelve consecutive days in one year. There are still four of us at the station who joined up in 1938, and we all hope to carry on until peace comes.—*From "Hospitals Under Fire," edited by G. C. Curnock, published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*

# *They Showed Me a Moscow Collective Farm*

**While so much of Russia is being ravaged by war and turned into scorched earth, even close to the fighting zone the land is being made to bear as never before. Here is an account by Alexander Werth, Reuter's Special Correspondent in Moscow, of a visit to a market-garden in the vicinity of the city.**

PRODUCTION "no matter what weather" has long been the slogan on the Soviet food front. Highly scientific and elaborate methods are employed. I have just returned from a visit to one of the market-gardening "kolkhozes" (collective farms) in the Moscow region.

There are acres and acres of tomato plants, with thick clusters of incredibly large fruit, and yet more acres of similarly prolific cabbages, cauliflowers and cucumbers. Until 1931 rye was grown on this site. The village was small and poor. Now the Kolkhoz is shown to visitors with justifiable pride.

Beyond the hundreds of acres set aside for vegetables are pastures with cows munching contentedly and huge pedigree pigs. A river meanders through these pastures. From its banks children bathe in the sun. There are 400 homesteads on the Kolkhoz now, and some 400 active "Kolkhozniks." The rest are children, old people, and youthful students.

I walked over the grounds with the Kolkhoz chairman, Comrade Rusin, the moving spirit of the whole place. Later he took me to his cottage for "tea"—in reality, a gargantuan rustic meal at which everything excepting the tea itself and vodka and salt herring was produce of the Kolkhoz.

Before that we had talked to some women attending to the cows. Their husbands were all at the front. They mentioned this in a matter-of-fact, almost deliberately casual way, but there was anxiety in their eyes.

Among the people at the tea-table was an impressive and handsome twenty-nine-year-old native of the village, to which he had returned on a visit. He wore a high Soviet decoration, which, I learned, he had received for his deeds in munition making.

As the meal progressed he grew more talkative. Pointing from the veranda to the chairman's pretty garden, with beds of phlox and the acres of vegetables beyond, he said: "Look at the prosperity of this place. Without this war we would be living in a world of plenty and prosperity for all."

He talked about the numerous men who had left the Kolkhoz for the army and about the German advance.. "You had a rough time in London, hadn't you?" he said. "But now the whole weight of the Hun machine is turned against us. It won't be easy. But," he added angrily, "we shan't give up even if we have to retreat to the Urals. But, no—we shan't need to do that."

Later I was taken to the Kolkhoz office, with its elaborate charts of working hours and output, and Stakhanovite honour tables, to the school library and infirmary, and shown the enormous pedigree prize bull that is the pride of the Kolkhoz.

The air was filled with the smell of hay. A crowd of happy children were returning from a bathe, waving their coloured towels. It was hard to imagine that not so many miles away other prosperous farms were being shelled and bombed by the Germans.

## Siftings From the News

A huge magnetic mine, believed to be German, has been found in the Caribbean Sea.

More women are being taken on the staff of Scotland Yard, which already employs 200.

Britain's average daily expenditure reached £17,456,490 during the week ended November 1, 1941.

New Army Tank plant costing £6,445,000 has been installed at Flint, Michigan.

Nazis are trying to stamp out freemasonry in Holland by closing lodges and confiscating funds and regalia.

Lifeboats saved 136 lives during October from ships and planes in distress.

No more eggs are being exported from Egypt.

Civil Defence uniforms in Essex will cost £100,000.

Historic and artistic railings in Hampstead have been listed with a view to "reprieve."

A Cheshunt A.R.P. Warden has collected £70 in pennies on Sundays.

Chicago business girls have taken to wearing bright red on Mondays, in order to dispel that Monday feeling of depression.

Owing to a serious shortage of motor tires in Hungary many bus-lines have stopped.

The Nazis are taking up copper street-crossing studs in Brussels for scrap.

The average income of an American family, according to the National Resources Planning Board of Washington, is £405.

Old-age pensioners have voluntarily given up their pensions to the amount of £2,000 to help war effort.

Since 1936 the cost of living in Shanghai has increased by 600 per cent.

A British air line between Cairo and Teheran, capital of Iran, has been opened.

The pastor of the Christian Temple at Toledo, Ohio, has burned a copy of "Mein Kampf" on the altar.

Heydrich, Nazi butcher No. 1, has had 807 people put to death since he took charge of Bohemia and Moravia.

Loneliest and strangest job of the R.A.F. is the Ice-Pack patrol over the Arctic.

Kent aims to raise £10,000,000 during Warship Weeks.

The Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund now amounts to £7,328,861.

The Dutch Maritime Court in London is now being held at Middlesex Guildhall.

Fifty Streatham women have formed an auxiliary to the Streatham Home Guard.

Over 20,000 names are already recorded on the Civilians' Roll of Honour.

# Editor's Postscript

I SOMETIMES speculate on what might have happened had the promoters of the Channel Tunnel scheme succeeded between 1918 and 1939 in realizing their aims. It was intended to unite France and England—a France that forty-five years ago might have used it to our hurt, or sabotaged it, a France that twenty years later would have co-operated with Britain in its use against the Hun, and a Britain that in June 1940 would have had to destroy it as a protection against the effete and traitor-led French! So good-bye to all Channel Tunnel schemes "for a thousand years," as Hitler is so fond of saying. When we remember that Japan for her own ends was our ally in the Great War, that Italy did us great service by double-crossing the Triple Alliance but as a fighting partner played her part ingloriously, that Rumania stood in with the Allies and suffered for their cause, we can appraise alliances between diverse nations at their true value. The Anglo-American alliance may, by the time this note is printed, have become a binding reality and not an indeterminate understanding, thanks to the sinking of the U.S. destroyer Reuben James, to news of which I've just been listening. The fighting alliance of the two great English-speaking powers is the one hope for today and to-morrow.

WITHIN that alliance alone do the root principles of freedom and democratic government prevail. Not that we should belittle in any sense the democratic ideals and attainments of our Scandinavian friends, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Greeks glorious even in defeat, the Yugoslavs, nor the possibilities of a renascent France or a Turkey armed; but Britain and America are the natural partners in the defence of a democracy that is inherent in their national institutions, and in defence of which they must be the real burden-bearers. The French people we must always dissociate from their corrupt and traitorous leaders. There are millions of Frenchmen in France as loyal to the democratic way of life as any in Britain or America, and De Gaulle will surely find the means of effecting cooperation with them and the doubly valorous Frenchmen whom he leads; but the old France we knew and loved we cannot hope to see again in all the strength and glory of the past. The chastened France that will emerge from these catastrophic times will be strangely different. If the traitors of Vichy eventually sink to "full collaboration" with their Nazi conquerors and the British Navy is forced to fight another Trafalgar (no vain idea this), then indeed will the War's end see a France that none of us three years ago had ever dimly visioned.

THE horrors of the War must not be allowed to blind us to the beauty that is everywhere around us. Perhaps the ever-present background of the Evil Things that are both consciously and subconsciously in our minds makes the indestructible beauty of Nature more keenly felt. That is my own experience and I am sure it is a common one. In these autumn days of white morning sun and vast gold-fringed evening clouds my riverside London becomes the world's finest picture gallery. Never have I seen grander pictures from Nature's portfolio: the lightly veiled masses of the Parliament buildings, the Abbey, the County Hall, the picturesque muddle of commercial warehouses on the Surrey side (less pleasing in the clear light of moon) and the bridges, especially the tracery of the temporary structure amidst which the new Waterloo is evolving, the intense green of the Embankment gardens, even the ruins of the Temple, all exhaling under the kindly draping of these early mists a sense of beauty that thrills me and suffers eclipse only when I sit down before stacks of photos from the War fronts and the latest reports of how these beastly battles are going.

FOR I must confess that to me all war has now become beastly with nothing but the hope and heroism to inspire those who are enduring it for freedom's sake to relieve it from the primal slime. I remember a one-time colleague of mine in the early years of this century writing a sensational novel, "The Final War." In those days the German menace of a great war was in all our minds, but had still that far-offness which made it a subject of drama and romance, no horror of reality. "The Final War!" Can this be it? It may be; but happily there is no end to beauty so long as man has the senses to respond to it. And now to the sunset glories of the Embankment, which no raid, light or heavy, can take away!

**MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL at the time of his marriage, Sept. 1908, when he was President of the Board of Trade. An interesting and little known portrait-sketch of our Prime Minister. (See below.)**

*From the drawing by Noel Dorville*

THAT "well of English undefiled" (which was Dan Chaucer) is being mightily muddied in these late days with America's contribution to the mother tongue. Language is a living thing and must grow from day to day by borrowings from everywhere: must reflect every new facet of thought and fact the world over. But the well of English has suffered horrid pollution since Hollywood imposed its Americanisms on the so-called English-speaking world—one of the largest of the many undesirable contributions of the Film to our modern life and speech. It is not a matter of "borrowing" but of imposition. Myself I have always loathed "Okay," and yet I find myself by the sheer pressure of its popular usage "falling for it," like scores of other Americanisms to which I have more readily taken; never in speaking, only as a quickly pencilled symbol O.K. on a proof slip or the like. Spoken, it is no shorter than "All right" and twice the length of "Right."

AN amusing instance of okaying was provided by Lord Beaverbrook in his broadcast account of his Soviet mission. To the admirably concise statement of the points on which agreement was reached between the representatives of the three signatory powers America's representative said "Agreed," and Britain's (according to Lord Beaverbrook) said "Okay." We must remember that Lord Beaverbrook is a Canadian and is perhaps less concerned about the English language than about the material survival and progress of the British Commonwealth. Even so, he will surely admit on reflection that the comic element was not absent from the contrast in these two responses. I thank Mr. Harriman for that "Agreed." One could wish that our American cousins were as successful in smothering us with the tools for fighting Hitler as with Americanisms that threaten to clog the English tongue. Here is an appropriate quotation from our little remembered sixteenth-century poet, Samuel Daniel:

> And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
> This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
> T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
> What worlds in th' yet unformed Occident
> May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

Who knows, indeed! If old Samuel Daniel could awake from his three centuries of sleep to sit through a full-blooded Hollywood film he would feel that waking had been pain and take the nearest way back to his graveyard.

IN this page I am printing a very charming portrait-sketch of our Prime Minister which appeared in a London daily on September 14, 1908, accompanying a lively account of Mr. Churchill's wedding on the preceding 12th. The leaf on which it was printed I found today in an old file of clippings where I had placed it thirty-three years ago, and thought my readers might like to see it. M. Noel Dorville was a well-known French artist who visited England early that year to make a series of drawings for an Entente Cordiale Album which had been issued a month or two before the Churchill-Hozier "event of the social season."

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